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THE

DRAMATICK WORKS

OF

GEORGE COLMAN.

VOL. II.

THE

DRAMATICK WORKS

OF 43567
ac

GEORGE COLMAN.

VOLUME THE SECOND;

CONTAINING,

The ENGLISH MERCHANT,
The MAN of BUSINESS,
MAN and WIFE; Or,
The SHAKESPEARE JUBILEE.

LONDON,
Printed for T. BECKET, Adelphi, Strand.

MDCCLXXVII.

1771

Cul/
43567.

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THE

ENGLISH MERCHANT.

A

COMEDY.

First acted at the Theatre-Royal in Drury-Lane, on the 21st of February, 1767.

Næ illiuſmodi jam magna nobis civium
Penuria eſt. Homo antiquâ virtute ac fide:
Haud cito mali quid ortum ex hoc ſit publice.
Quam gaudeo, ubi etiam hujus generis reliquias
Reſtare video! TER.

TO

MONSIEUR DE VOLTAIRE

THE FOLLOWING COMEDY,

A TRIBUTE

DUE TO THE AUTHOR OF

L'ECOSSAISE,

IS INSCRIBED

BY HIS MOST OBEDIENT

HUMBLE SERVANT,

GEORGE COLMAN.

PROLOGUE,

Spoken by Mr. KING.

EACH year how many Engliſh viſit France,
To learn the language, or to learn to dance!
'Twixt Dover-Cliffs and Calais, in July,
Obſerve how thick the birds of paſſage fly!
Fair-weather ſops in ſwarms; freſh-water ſailors,
Cooks, mantua-makers, milleners, and tailors!
Our bard too made a trip; and, ſtand'rers ſay,
Brought home, among ſome more run-goods, a play:
Here, on this quay, prepar'd t'unload his cargo,
If on the freight you lay not an embargo.
"What! am I branded for a ſmuggler?" cries
Our little Bayes, with anger in his eyes.
"No. Engliſh poets, Engliſh Merchants made,
"To the whole world of letters fairly trade:
"With the rich ſtores of ancient Rome and Greece,
"*Imported duty-free*, may fill their piece:
"Or, like Columbus, croſs th' Atlantick ocean,
"And ſet Peru and Mexico in motion;
"Turn Cherokees and Catabaws to ſhape;
"Or ſail for *wit* and *humour* to the Cape."

Is

PROLOGUE.

Is there a *weaver* here from Spitalfields?
To his award our author fairly yields.
The *pattern*, he allows, is not quite new,
And he imports the *raw materials* too.
Come whence they will, from Lyons, Genoa, Rome,
'Tis Engliſh ſilk when wrought in Engliſh loom.
Silk! he recants; and owns, with lowly mind,
His manufacture is a coarſer kind.
Be it drab, drugget, flannel, doyley, frieſe,
Rug, or whatever *winter-wear* you pleaſe,
So it have leave to rank in any claſs,
Pronounce it *Engliſh Stuff*, and let it paſs!

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Lord FALBRIDGE,	*Mr. Powell.*
Sir WILLIAM DOUGLAS,	*Mr. Havard.*
FREEPORT,	*Mr. Yates.*
SPATTER,	*Mr. King.*
OWEN,	*Mr. Burton.*
LA FRANCE,	*Mr. Baddeley.*
OFFICER,	*Mr. Strange.*
Servants, *&c.*	

Lady ALTON,	*Mrs. Abington.*
AMELIA,	*Mrs. Palmer.*
Mrs. GOODMAN,	*Mrs. Hopkins.*
MOLLY,	*Miſs Pope.*

SCENE, LONDON.

THE

THE

ENGLISH MERCHANT.

ACT I.

SCENE, *a room in Mrs. Goodman's houſe.*

Enter Molly, ſtruggling with Spatter.

Molly.

BE quiet, Mr. Spatter! let me alone! Pray now, Sir! It is a ſtrange thing a body can't go about the houſe without being peſter'd with your impertinence. Why ſure!

Spat. Introduce me to your miſtreſs then—come, there's a good girl! and I will teaze you no longer.

Molly. Indeed I ſha'n't. Introduce you to my lady! for what, pray?

Spat. Oh! for a thouſand things. To laugh, to chat, to take a diſh of tea, to——

Molly. You drink tea with my lady! I ſhould not have thought of that. On what acquaintance?

Spat. The moſt agreeable in the world, child! a new acquaintance.

Molly. Indeed you miſtake yourſelf mightily: you are not a proper acquaintance for a perſon of her quality, I aſſure you, Sir!

Spat. Why, what quality is ſhe, then?

Molly. Much too high quality for your acquaintance, I promiſe you. What! a poet-man! that ſits, write, write, write, all day long, ſcribbling a pack of nonſenſe for the news-papers! You're fit for nothing above a chambermaid.

Spat. That's as much as to ſay, that you think me juſt fit for you. Eh, child?

Molly. No, indeed, not I, Sir. Neither my lady nor I will have any thing to ſay to you.

Spat. Your miſtreſs and you both give yourſelves a great many airs, my dear. Your poverty, I think, might pull down your pride.

Molly. What does the fellow mean by poverty?

Spat. I mean that you are ſtarving.

Molly. Oh, the ſlanderous monſter! we! ſtarving! who told you ſo? I'd have you to know, Sir, my lady has a very great fortune.

Spat. So 'tis a ſign, by her way of life and appearance.

Molly. Well; ſhe lives privately, indeed, becauſe ſhe

ſhe loves retirement; ſhe goes plain, becauſe ſhe hates dreſs; ſhe keeps no table, becauſe ſhe is an enemy to luxury. In ſhort, my lady is as rich as a Jew, and you are an impertinent coxcomb.

Spat. Come, come! I know more of your miſtreſs than you imagine.

Molly. And what do you know of her?

Spat. Oh, I know what I know.

Molly. Well! [*Alarmed.*

Spat. I know who ſhe is, and where ſhe came from; I am very well acquainted with her family, and know her whole hiſtory.

Molly. How can that be?

Spat. Very eaſily—I have correſpondence every where. As private as ſhe may think herſelf, it is not the firſt time that I have ſeen or heard of Amelia.

Molly. Oh, gracious! as ſure as I am alive this man will diſcover us. [*Apart.*] Mr. Spatter, my dear Mr. Spatter, if you know any thing, ſure you would not be ſo cruel as to betray us!

Spat. My dear Mr. Spatter! O ho! I have gueſs'd right—there is ſomething then.

Molly. No, Sir, there is nothing at all; nothing that ſignifies to you or any body elſe.

Spat. Well, well, I'll ſay nothing; but then you muſt—— *Molly.*

Molly. What?

Spat. Come; kiſs me, huſſy!

Molly. I ſay kiſs you, indeed!

Spat. And you'll introduce me to your miſtreſs?

Molly. Not I, I promiſe you.

Spat. Nay, no myſteries between you and me, child! Come; here's the key to all locks, the clue to every maze, and the diſcloſer of all ſecrets; money, child! Here! take this purſe; you ſee I know ſomething; tell me the reſt, and I have the fellow to it in my pocket.

Molly. Ha, ha, ha! poor Mr. Spatter! Where could you get all this money, I wonder! Not by your poetries, I believe. But what ſignifies telling you any thing, when you are acquainted with our whole hiſtory already. You have correſpondence every where, you know. There, Sir! take up your filthy purſe again, and remember that I ſcorn to be obliged to any body but my miſtreſs.

Spat. There's impudence for you! when to my certain knowledge your miſtreſs has not a guinea in the world; you live in continual fear of being diſcovered; and you will both be utterly undone in a fortnight, unleſs lord Falbridge ſhould prevent it, by taking Amelia under his protection. You underſtand me, child.

Molly.

Molly. You ſcandalous wretch! Did you ever hear ſuch a monſter? I won't ſtay a moment longer with him. But you are quite miſtaken about me and my miſtreſs, I aſſure you, Sir. We are in the beſt circumſtances in the world; we have nothing to fear; and we don't care a farthing for you.—So your ſervant, Mr. Poet! [*Exit.*

Spatter alone.

Your ſervant, Mrs. Pert! "We are in the beſt "circumſtances in the world." Ay, that is as much as to ſay, they are in the utmoſt diſtreſs. "We have nothing to fear." That is, they are frightened out of their wits. "And we don't care "a farthing for you." Meaning, that they will take all the care in their power, that I ſhall not find them out. But I may be too hard for you yet, young gentlewoman! I have earned but a poor livelihood by mere ſcandal and abuſe; but if I could once arrive at doing a little ſubſtantial miſchief, I ſhould make my fortune.

Enter Mrs. Goodman.

Oh! your ſervant, Mrs. Goodman! Yours is the moſt unſociable lodging-houſe in town. So many ladies, and only one gentleman! and you won't take the leaſt notice of him.

Mrs.

Mrs. Good. How ſo, Mr. Spatter?

Spat. Why, did not you promiſe to introduce me to Amelia?

Mrs. Good. To tell you the plain truth, Mr. Spatter, ſhe don't like you. And, indeed, I don't know how it is, but you make yourſelf a great many enemies.

Spat. Yes; I believe I do raiſe a little envy.

Mrs. Good. Indeed you are miſtaken, Sir. As you are a lodger of mine, it makes me quite uneaſy to hear what the world ſays of you. How do you contrive to make ſo many enemies, Mr. Spatter?

Spat. Becauſe I have merit, Mrs. Goodman.

Mrs. Good. May be ſo; but nobody will allow it but yourſelf. They ſay that you ſet up for a wit, indeed; but that you deal in nothing but ſcandal, and think of nothing but miſchief.

Spat. I do ſpeak ill of the men ſometimes, to be ſure; but then I have a great regard for women —provided they are handſome: and that I may give you a proof of it, introduce me to Amelia.

Mrs. Good. You muſt excuſe me; ſhe and you would be the worſt company in the world; for ſhe never ſpeaks too well of herſelf, nor the leaſt ill of my body elſe. And then her virtue——

Spat. Pho, pho, ſhe ſpeaks ill of nobody, becauſe

cauſe ſhe knows nobody; and as for her virtue, ha, ha!

Mrs. Good. You don't believe much in that, I ſuppoſe?

Spat. I have not over-much faith, Mrs. Goodman. Lord Falbridge, perhaps, may give a better account of it.

Mrs. Good. Lord Falbridge can ſay nothing but what would be extremely to her honour, I aſſure you, Sir. [*Spatter laughs.*] Well, well, you may laugh, but it is very true.

Spat. Oh, I don't doubt it; but you don't tell the whole truth, Mrs. Goodman. When any of your friends or acquaintance ſit for their pictures, you draw a very flattering likeneſs. All characters have their dark ſide, and if they have but one eye, you give them in *profile*. Your great friend, Mr. Freeport, for inſtance, whom you are always praiſing for his benevolent actions——

Mrs. Good. He is benevolence itſelf, Sir.

Spat. Yes, and groſſneſs itſelf too. I remember him theſe many years. He always cancels an obligation by the manner of conferring it; and does you a favour, as if he were going to knock you down.

Mrs. Good. A truce with your ſatire, good Mr. Spatter!

Spatter! Mr. Freeport is my beſt friend; I owe him every thing; and I can't endure the ſlighteſt reflection on his character. Beſides, *he* can have given no offence to lady Alton, whatever may be the caſe with Amelia.

Spat. Lady Alton! ſhe is a particular friend of mine to be ſure; but, between you and me, Mrs. Goodman, a more ridiculous character than any you have mentioned. A *bel eſprit* forſooth! and as vain of her beauty as learning, without any great portion of either. A fourth Grace, and a tenth Muſe! who fancies herſelf enamour'd of lord Falbridge, becauſe ſhe would be proud of ſuch a conqueſt; and has lately beſtowed ſome marks of diſtinction on me, becauſe ſhe thinks it will give her credit among perſons of letters.

Mrs. Good. Nay, if you can't ſpare your own friends, I don't wonder at your attacking mine—and ſo, Sir, your humble ſervant. But, ſtay! here's a poſt-chaiſe ſtopp'd at our door; and here comes a ſervant with a portmanteau! 'Tis the gentleman for whom my firſt floor was taken, I ſuppoſe.

Spat. Very likely: well, you will introduce me to him at leaſt, Mrs. Goodman.

Enter

Enter a ſervant with a portmanteau. Sir William Douglas following.

Sir Will. You are Mrs. Goodman, I ſuppoſe, madam?

Mrs. Good. At your ſervice, Sir.

Sir Will. Mr. Owen, I believe, has ſecured apartments here?

Mrs. Good. He has, Sir.

Sir Will. They are for me, madam. Have you any other lodgers?

Mrs. Good. Only that gentleman, Sir; and a young lady——

Spat. Of great beauty and virtue. Eh, Mrs. Goodman?

Mrs. Good. She has both, Sir; but you will ſee very little of her, for ſhe lives in the moſt-retired manner in the world.

Sir Will. Her youth and beauty are matter of great indifference to me; for I ſhall be as much a recluſe as herſelf. Are there any news at preſent ſtirring in London?

Mrs. Good. Mr. Spatter can inform you, Sir, for he deals in news. In the mean while, I'll prepare your apartments. [*Exit, followed by the ſervant.*

Mr. Spat.

Manent Sir William Douglas, and Spatter; Sir William walks up and down, without taking notice of Spatter.

Spat. This muſt be a man of quality by his ill manners. I'll ſpeak to him [*aſide.*] [*to Sir William.*] Will your lordſhip give me leave——

Sir Will. Lordſhip! I am no lord, Sir, and muſt beg not to be honoured with the name.

Spat. It is a kind of miſtake, that cannot diſpleaſe at leaſt.

Sir Will. I don't know that. None but a fool would be vain of a title, if he had one; and none but an impoſtor would aſſume a title, to which he has no right.

Spat. Oh, you're of the houſe of commons then, a member of parliament, and are come up to town to attend the ſeſſions, I ſuppoſe, Sir?

Sir Will. No matter what I am, Sir.

Spat. Nay, no offence, I hope, Sir. All I meant was to do you honour. Being concerned in two evening-poſts and one morning paper, I was willing to know the proper manner of announcing your arrival.

Sir Will. You have connections with the preſs then, it ſeems, Sir?

Spat. Yes, Sir; I am an humble retainer to the Muſes,

Muſes, an author. I compoſe pamphlets on all ſubjects, compile magazines, and do news-papers.

Sir Will. *Do* news-papers! What do you mean by that, Sir?

Spat. That is, Sir, I collect the articles of news from the other papers and make new ones for the poſtſcript, tranſlate the mails, write occaſional letters from Cato and Theatricus, and give fictitious anſwers to ſuppoſed correſpondents.

Sir Will. A very ingenious as well as honourable employment, I muſt confeſs, Sir.

Spat. Some little genius is requiſite, to be ſure. Now, Sir, if I can be of any uſe to you—if you have any friend to be praiſed, or any enemy to be abuſed; any author to cry up, or miniſter to run down; my pen and talents are entirely at your ſervice.

Sir Will. I am much obliged to you, Sir, but at preſent I have not the leaſt occaſion for either. In return for your genteel offers, give me leave to trouble you with one piece of advice. When you deal in private ſcandal, have a care of the cudgel; and when you meddle with publick matters, beware of the pillory!

Spat. How, Sir! are you no friend to literature? Are you an enemy to the liberty of the preſs?

Sir Will. I have the greateſt reſpect for both; but railing is the diſgrace of letters, and perſonal abuſe the ſcandal of freedom: Foul-mouthed criticks, are in general diſappointed authors; and they, who are the loudeſt againſt miniſters, only mean to be paid for their ſilence.

Spat. They may be ſometimes, Sir; but give me leave to aſk you——

Sir Will. Do not aſk me at preſent, Sir! I ſee a particular friend of mine coming this way, and I muſt beg you to withdraw.

Spat. Withdraw, Sir? firſt of all allow me to—

Sir Will. Nay, no reply! we muſt be in private. [*thruſting out Spatter.*

Sir William Douglas alone.

What a wretch! as contemptible as miſchievous. Our generous maſtiffs fly at men from an inſtinct of courage; but this fellow's attacks proceed from an inſtinct of baſeneſs.—But here comes the faithful Owen, with as many good qualities as that execrable fellow ſeems to have bad ones.

Enter Owen.

Well, Owen; I am ſafe arrived you ſee.

Owen. Ah, Sir! would to Heaven you were as ſafe returned again! Have a care of betraying yourſelf

yourſelf to be Sir William Douglas!—During your ſtay here, your name is Ford, remember.

Sir Will. I ſhall take care. But tell me your news! What have you done ſince your arrival? Have you heard any thing of my daughter? Have you ſeen lord Brumpton? Has he any hope of obtaining my pardon?

Owen. He had, Sir.

Sir Will. And what can have deſtroyed it then?

Owen. My lord Brumpton is dead, Sir.

Sir Will. Dead!

Owen. I ſaw him within this week in apparent good health; he promiſed to exert his whole intereſt in your favour: By his own appointment I went to wait on him yeſterday noon, when I was ſtunned with the news of his having died ſuddenly the evening before.

Sir Will. My lord Brumpton dead! the only friend I had remaining in England; the only perſon, on whoſe interceſſion I relied for my pardon. Cruel fortune! I have now no hope, but to find my daughter. Tell me, Owen; have you been able to hear any tidings of her?

Owen. Alas, Sir, none that are ſatisfactory. On the death of Mr. Andrews, in whoſe care you left her, being cruelly abandoned by the relation

who ſucceeded to the eſtate, ſhe left the country ſome months ago, and has not ſince been heard of.

Sir Will. Unhappy there too! When will the meaſure of my misfortunes be full? When will the malice of my fate be ſatisfied? Proſcribed, condemned, attainted, (alas, but too juſtly!) I have loſt my rank, my eſtate, my wife, my ſon, and all my family. One only daughter remains. Perhaps a wretched wanderer like myſelf, perhaps in the extremeſt indigence, perhaps diſhonoured—Ha! that thought diſtracts me.

Owen. My dear maſter, have patience! Do not be ingenious to torment yourſelf, but conſult your ſafety, and prepare for your departure.

Sir Will. No, Owen. Hearing, providentially, of the death of my friend Andrews, paternal care and tenderneſs drew me hither; and I will not quit the kingdom till I learn ſomething of my child, my dear Amelia, whom I left a tender innocent in the arms of the beſt of women twenty years ago. Her ſex demands protection; and ſhe is now of an age, in which ſhe is more expoſed to misfortunes than even in helpleſs infancy.

Owen. Be adviſed; depart, and leave that care to me. Conſider, your life is now at ſtake.

Sir Will. My life has been too miſerable to render

render me very ſolicitous for its preſervation.—But the compleƈtion of the times is changed; the very name of the party, in which I was unhappily engaged, is extinguiſhed, and the whole nation is unanimouſly devoted to the throne. Diſloyalty and inſurreƈtion are now no more, and the ſword of juſtice is ſuffered to ſleep. If I can find my child, and find her worthy of me, I will fly with her to take refuge in ſome foreign country; if I am diſcovered in the ſearch, I have ſtill ſome hopes of mercy.

Owen. Heaven grant your hopes may be well founded!

Sir Will. Come, Owen! let us behave at leaſt with fortitude in our adverſity! Follow me to my apartment, and let us conſult what meaſures we ſhall take in ſearching for Amelia. [*Exeunt.*

Scene changes to Amelia's apartment.

Amelia and Molly.

Amelia. Poor Molly! to be teazed with that odious fellow, Spatter!

Molly. But, madam, Mr. Spatter ſays he is acquainted with your whole hiſtory.

Amelia. Mere pretence, in order to render himſelf formidable. Be on your guard againſt him, my

dear Molly; and remember to conceal my miſery from him and all the world. I can bear poverty, but am not proof againſt inſult and contempt.

Molly. Ah, my dear miſtreſs, it is to no purpoſe to endeavour to hide it from the world. They will ſee poverty in my looks. As for you, you can live upon the air; the greatneſs of your ſoul ſeems to ſupport you; but lack-a-day, I ſhall grow thinner and thinner every day of my life.

Amelia. I can ſupport my own diſtreſs, but yours touches me to the ſoul. Poor Molly! the labour of my hands ſhall feed and clothe you. Here! diſpoſe of this embroidery to the beſt advantage; what was formerly my amuſement, muſt now become the means of our ſubſiſtence. Let us be obliged to nobody, but owe our ſupport to induſtry and virtue.

Molly. You're an angel: Let me kiſs thoſe dear hands that have worked this precious embroidery; let me bathe them with my tears! You're an angel upon earth. I had rather ſtarve in your ſervice, than live with a princeſs. What can I do to comfort you?

Amelia. Thou faithful creature! only continue to be ſecret: You know my real character; you know I am in the utmoſt diſtreſs: I have opened

my

my heart to you; but you will plant a dagger there, if you betray me to the world.

Molly. Ah, my dear miſtreſs, how ſhould I betray you? I go no where, I converſe with nobody, but yourſelf and Mrs. Goodman: Beſides, the world is very indifferent about other peoples' misfortunes.

Amelia. The world is indifferent, it is true; but it is curious, and takes a cruel pleaſure in tearing open the wounds of the unfortunate.

Enter Mrs. Goodman.

Mrs. Goodman!

Mrs. Good. Excuſe me, madam: I took the liberty of waiting on you to receive your commands. 'Tis now near three o'clock. You have provided nothing for dinner, and have ſcarce taken any refreſhment theſe three days.

Amelia. I have been indiſpoſed.

Mrs. Good. I am afraid you are more than indiſpoſed—You are unhappy—Pardon me! but I cannot help thinking that your fortune is unequal to your appearance.

Amelia. Why ſhould you think ſo? You never heard me complain of my fortune.

Mrs. Good. No, but I have too much reaſon to believe it is inferior to your merit.

Amelia. Indeed, you flatter me.

Mrs. Good. Come, come; you muſt not indulge this melancholy. I have a new lodger, an elderly gentleman, juſt arrived, who does me the honour to partake of my dinner; and I muſt have your company too. He ſeems to be in trouble as well as you. You muſt meet; two perſons in affliction may perhaps become a conſolation to each other. Come, let us take ſome care of you!

Amelia. Be aſſured, Mrs. Goodman, I am much obliged to you for your attention to me; but I want nothing.

Mrs. Good. Dear madam! you ſay you want nothing, and you are in want of every thing.

Enter Servant.

Serv. [*to Mrs. Good.*] Lady Alton, madam, ſends her compliments, and will wait upon you after dinner.

Mrs. Good. Very well; my beſt reſpects to her ladyſhip, and I ſhall be ready to attend her. [*Exit Servant.*] There, there is one cauſe of your uneaſineſs! Lady Alton's viſit is on your account. She thinks you have robbed her of Lord Falbridge's affections, and that is the occaſion of her honouring me with her company.

Amelia. Lord Falbridge's affections!

Mrs.

Mrs. Good. Ah, my dear Amelia, you don't know your power over his heart. You have reconciled it to virtue. But, come! let me prevail on you to come with me to dinner.

Amelia. You muſt excuſe me.

Mrs. Good. Well, well, then I'll ſend you ſomething to your own apartment. If you have any other commands, pray honour me with them; for I would fain oblige you, if I knew how it were in my power. [*Exit.*

Manent Amelia and Molly.

Amelia. What an amiable woman! If it had not been for her apparent benevolence and goodneſs of heart, I ſhould have left the houſe on Mr. Spatter's coming to lodge in it.

Molly. Lady Alton, it ſeems, recommended him as a lodger here; ſo he can be no friend of yours on that account; for to be ſure ſhe owes you no good will, on account of my lord Falbridge.

Amelia. No more of lord Falbridge, I beſeech you, Molly. How can you perſiſt in mentioning him, when you know that, preſuming on my ſituation, he has dared to affront me with diſhonourable propoſals?

Molly. Ah, madam! but he ſorely repents it, I promiſe you, and would give his whole eſtate for an

an opportunity of ſeeing you once more, and getting into your good graces again.

Amelia. No; his ungenerous conduct has thrown him as much below me, as my condition had placed me beneath him. He imagined he had a right to inſult my diſtreſs; but I will teach him to think it reſpectable. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE, *An apartment at Mrs. Goodman's.*

Enter lady Alton and Spatter.

Spat. BUT you won't hear me, madam!

L. Alt. I have heard too much, Sir. This wandering *incognita* a woman of virtue! I have no patience.

Spat. Mrs. Goodman pretends to be convinced of her being a perſon of honour.

L. Alt. A perſon of honour, and openly receive viſits from men! ſeduce lord Falbridge! No, no: Reſerve this character for your next novel, Mr. Spatter! it is an affront to my underſtanding. I begin to ſuſpect you have betrayed me; you have gone

gone over to the adverſe party, and are in the conſpiracy to abuſe me.

Spat. I, madam! Neither her beauty, nor her virtue——

L. Alt. Her beauty! her virtue! Why, thou wretch, thou grub of literature! whom I, as a patroneſs of learning and encourager of men of letters, willing to blow the dead coal of genius, fondly took under my protection, do you remember what I have done for you?

Spat. With the utmoſt gratitude, madam.

L. Alt. Did not I draw you out of the garret, where you daily ſpun out your flimſy brain to catch the town flies in your cobweb diſſertations? Did not I introduce you to lord Dapperwit, the Apollo of the age? And did not you dedicate your ſilly volume of Poems on Several Occaſions to him? Did not I put you into the liſt of my viſitors, and order my porter to admit you at dinner-time? Did not I write the only ſcene in your execrable farce, which the audience vouchſafed an hearing? And did not my female friend, Mrs. Melpomene, furniſh you with Greek and Latin mottoes for your twopenny eſſays?

Spat. I acknowledge all your ladyſhip's goodneſs to me. I have done every thing in my power to ſhew my gratitude, and fulfil your ladyſhip's commands.

L. Alt.

L. Alt. Words, words, Mr. Spatter! You have been witneſs of lord Falbridge's inconſtancy. A perfidious man! falſe as Phaon to Sappho, or Jaſon to Medea! You have ſeen him deſert me for a wretched vagabond; you have ſeen me abandoned like Calypſo, without making a ſingle effort to recall my faithleſs Ulyſſes from the Siren that has lured him from me.

Spat. Be calm but one moment, madam, and I'll——

L. Alt. Bid the ſea be calm, when the winds are let looſe upon it. I have reaſon to be enraged. I placed you in genteel apartments in this houſe, merely to plant you as a ſpy; and what have you done for me? Have you employed your correſpondence to any purpoſe? or diſcovered the real character of this infamous woman, this inſolent Amelia?

Spat. I have taken every poſſible method to detect her. I have watched Amelia herſelf like a bailiff, or a duenna; I have overheard private converſations; have founded the landlady; tampered with the ſervants; opened letters; and intercepted meſſages.

L. Alt. Good creature! my beſt Spatter! And what? what have you diſcovered?

Spat. That Amelia is a native of Scotland; that her

her ſurname *Walton* is probably not real, but aſſumed; and that ſhe earneſtly wiſhes to conceal both the place of her birth and her family.

L. Alt. And is that all?

Spat. All that I have been able to learn as yet, madam.

L. Alt. Wretch! of what ſervice have you been then? Are theſe your boaſted talents? When we want to unravel an ambiguous character, you have made out that ſhe wiſhes to lie concealed; and when we wiſh to know who ſhe is, you have juſt diſcovered that ſhe is a native of Scotland.

Spat. And yet, if you will give me leave, madam, I think I could convince you that theſe diſcoveries, blind and unſatisfactory as they may appear to you at firſt, are of no ſmall conſequence.

L. Alt. Of what conſequence can they poſſibly be to me, man?

Spat. I'll tell you, madam. It is a rule in politicks, when we diſcover ſomething to add ſomething more. Something added to ſomething, makes a good deal; upon this baſis I have formed a ſyllogiſm.

L. Alt. What does the pedant mean? A ſyllogiſm!

Spat. Yes, a ſyllogiſm; as for example: Any perſon

perſon who is a native of Scotland, and wiſhes to be concealed, muſt be an enemy to the government. Amelia is a native of Scotland, and wiſhes to be concealed. *Ergo*, Amelia is an enemy to the government.

L. Alt. Excellent! admirable logick! but I wiſh we could prove it to be truth.

Spat. I would not lay a wager of the truth of it; but I would ſwear it.

L. Alt. What, on a proper occaſion, and in a proper place, my good Spatter?

Spat. Willingly; we muſt make uſe of what we know, and even of what we don't know. Truth is of a dry and ſimple nature, and ſtands in need of ſome little ornament. A lie, indeed, is infamous; but fiction, your ladyſhip, who deals in poetry, knows is beautiful.

L. Alt. But the ſubſtance of your fiction, Spatter?

Spat. I will lodge an information that the father of Amelia is a diſaffected perſon, and has ſent her to London for treaſonable purpoſes; nay, I can upon occaſion even ſuppoſe the father himſelf to be in London: In conſequence of which you will probably recover lord Falbridge, and Amelia will be committed to priſon.

L. Alt.

L. Alt. You have given me new life. I took you for a mere ſtainer of paper; but I have found you a Machiavel.—I hear ſomebody coming.—Mrs. Goodman has undertaken to ſend Amelia hither. Ha! ſhe's here! Away, Spatter, and wait for me at my houſe: You muſt dine with me; and after dinner, like true politicians, we will ſettle our plan of operations over our coffee. Away, away, this inſtant! [*Exit Spatter.*

Lady Alton alone.

A convenient engine this Mr. Spatter: The moſt impudent thorough-paced knave in the three kingdoms! with the heart of Zoilus, the pen of Mævius, and the tongue of Therſites. I was ſure he would ſtick at nothing. The writings of authors are publick advertiſements of their qualifications; and when they profeſs to live upon ſcandal, it is as much as to ſay, that they are ready for every other dirty work, in which we chuſe to employ them. But now for Amelia! If ſhe proves tractable, I may forego the uſe of this villain, who almoſt makes me hate my triumph, and be aſhamed of my revenge.

Enter Amelia.

Amelia. Mrs. Goodman has informed me that your ladyſhip has deſired to ſee me: I wait your commands, madam.

L. Alt.

L. Alt. Look you, young woman: I am ſenſible how much it is beneath a perſon of my rank, to parley with one of your condition. For once, however, I am content to wave all ceremony; and if you behave as you ought to do, you have nothing to fear, child.

Amelia. I hope I have never behaved otherwiſe than as I ought to do, madam.

L. Alt. Yes; you have received the viſits of lord Falbridge; you have endeavoured to eſtrange his affections from me: But, if you encourage him in his infidelity to me, tremble for the conſequence! Be adviſed, or you are ruined.

Amelia. I am conſcious of no guilt, and know no fear, madam.

L. Alt. Come, come, Mrs. Amelia, this high ſtrain is out of character with me. Act over your Clelia, and Cleopatra, and Caſſandra, at a proper time; and let me talk in the ſtile of nature and common ſenſe to you. You have no lord Falbridge, no weak young nobleman, to impoſe upon at preſent.

Amelia. To impoſe upon! I ſcorn the imputation, and am ſorry to find that your ladyſhip came hither, merely to indulge yourſelf in the cruel pleaſure of inſulting one of the unhappieſt of her ſex. [*Weeping.*

L. Alt.

L. Alt. You are miſtaken; I came hither to concert meaſures for your happineſs, to aſſiſt your poverty, and relieve your diſtreſs. Leave this houſe; leave London; I will provide you a retirement in the country, and ſupply all your wants. Only renounce all thoughts of lord Falbridge, and never let him know the place of your retreat.

Amelia. Lord Falbridge! what is lord Falbridge to me, madam?

L. Alt. To convince me you have no commerce with him, accept of my propoſals.

Amelia. No, madam; the favours which you intend me, I could not receive without bluſhing. I have no wants but what I can ſupply myſelf; no diſtreſſes which your ladyſhip can relieve; and I will ſeek no refuge but in my own virtue.

L. Alt. Your virtue! Ridiculous! If you are a woman of virtue, what is the meaning of all this myſtery? Who are you? what are you? who will vouch for your character?

Amelia. It wants no vouchers; nor will I ſuffer myſelf to be arraigned like a criminal, till I know by what authority you take upon you to act as my judge.

L. Alt. Matchleſs confidence! Yes, yes, it is too plain! I ſee you are the very creature I took

you for; a mere adventurer! Some ſtrolling princeſs, that are perhaps more frugal of your favours than the reſt of your ſiſterhood, merely to enhance the price of them.

Amelia. Hold, madam! This opprobrious language is more injurious to your own honour than to mine. I ſee the violence of your temper, and will leave you. But you may one day know that my birth is equal to your own; my heart is perhaps more generous; and whatever may be my ſituation, I ſcorn to be dependant on any body; much leſs on one, who has ſo mean an opinion of me, and who conſiders me as her rival. [*Exit.*

Lady Alton alone.

Her rival! Unparalleled inſolence! An open avowal of her competition with me! Yes; I ſee Spatter muſt be employed. Her rival! I ſhall burſt with indignation!

Enter Mrs. Goodman.

L. Alt. Mrs. Goodman! where is Mr. Spatter?

Mrs. Good. He went out the moment he left your ladyſhip. But you ſeem diſordered; ſhall I get you ſome hartſhorn, madam?

L. Alt. Some poiſon.—Rival! I ſhall ſhake with [illegible]

Amelia. You have abuſed me; you have conſpired againſt my peace; and be aſſured you ſhall ſuffer for it! [*Exit.*

Mrs. Goodman alone.

What a violent woman! Her paſſion makes her forget what is due to her ſex and quality. Ha! Mr. Freeport!

Enter Freeport.

My beſt friend! welcome to London! When did you arrive from Liſbon?

Free. But laſt night.

Mrs. Good. I hope you have had a pleaſant voyage?

Free. A good trading voyage—I have got money, but I have got the ſpleen too.—Have you any news in town?

Mrs. Good. None at all, Sir.

Free. So much the better. The leſs news, the leſs nonſenſe.—But what ſtrange lady have you had here? I met her as I was coming up: She ruſhed by like a fury, and almoſt ſwept me down ſtairs again with the wind of her hoop-petticoat.

Mrs. Good. Ah! Jealouſy! Jealouſy is a terrible paſſion; eſpecially in a woman's breaſt, Mr. Freeport.

Free. Jealouſy! Why, ſhe is not jealous of you, Mrs. Goodman?

Mrs. Good. No; but of a lodger of mine.

Free. Have you any new lodgers ſince I left you?

Mrs. Good. Two or three, Sir; the laſt arrived but to-day; an elderly gentleman, who will ſee no company.

Free. He's in the right. Three parts in four of mankind are knaves or fools; and the fourth part live by themſelves.—But who are your other lodgers?

Mrs. Good. An author, and a lady.

Free. I hate authors. Who is the lady?

Mrs. Good. She calls herſelf Amelia Walton; but I believe that name is not her real one.

Free. Not her real one! Why, ſure ſhe is a woman of character?

Mrs. Good. A woman of character! She is an angel. She is moſt miſerably poor; and yet haughty to an exceſs.

Free. Pride and poverty! A ſad compoſition, Mrs. Goodman.

Mrs. Good. No, Sir; her pride is one of her greateſt virtues: It conſiſts in depriving herſelf of almoſt all neceſſaries, and concealing it from the world. Though every action ſpeaks her to be a

woman

woman of birth and education, ſhe lives upon the work of her own hands, without murmur or complaint. I make uſe of a thouſand ſtratagems to aſſiſt her, againſt her will; I prevail on her to keep the money due for rent for her ſupport, and furniſh her with every thing ſhe wants at half its prime coſt; but if ſhe perceives or ſuſpects theſe little artifices, ſhe takes it almoſt as ill as if I had attempted to defraud her. In ſhort, Sir, her unſhaken virtue and greatneſs of ſoul under misfortunes, make me conſider her as a prodigy, and often draw tears of pity and admiration from me.

Free. Ah! womens' tears lie very near their eyes. I never cried in my life; and yet I can feel too; I can admire, I can eſteem, but what ſignifies whimpering? Hark ye, Mrs. Goodman! This is a very extraordinary account you give of this young woman; you have raiſed my curioſity, and I'll go and ſee this lodger of yours; I am rather out of ſpirits, and it will ſerve to amuſe me.

Mrs. Good. Oh, Sir, you can't ſee her; ſhe neither pays viſits nor receives them, but lives in the moſt retired manner in the world.

Free. So much the better. I love retirement as well as ſhe. Where are her apartments?

Mrs. Good. On this very floor, on the other ſide of the ſtaircaſe.

Free. I'll go and ſee her immediately.

Mrs. Good. Indeed you can't, Sir. It is impoſſible.

Free. Impoſſible! where is the impoſſibility of going into a room? Come along!

Mrs. Good. For Heaven's ſake, Mr. Freeport!

Free. Pſhaw! I have no time to loſe; I have buſineſs half an hour hence.

Mrs. Good. But won't it be rather indelicate, Sir? Let me prepare her firſt!

Free. Prepare her? With all my heart. But remember that I am a man of buſineſs, Mrs. Goodman, and have no time to waſte in ceremony and compliment. [*Exeunt.*

Amelia's apartment.

Amelia at work, and Molly.

Amelia. No, Polly! If lord Falbridge comes again, I am reſolved not to ſee him.

Molly. Indeed, madam, he loves you above all the world; I am ſure of it; and I verily believe he will run mad, if you don't hear what he has to ſay for himſelf.

Amelia. Speak no more of him.

Enter

Enter Mrs. Goodman.

Mrs. Goodman!

Mrs. Good. Pardon me, madam! here is a gentleman of my acquaintance begs you would give him leave to ſpeak with you.

Amelia. A gentleman! who is he?

Mrs. Good. His name is Freeport, Madam. He has a few particularities; but he is the beſt-hearted man in the world. Pray let him come in, madam!

Amelia. By no means; you know I receive viſits from nobody.

Enter Freeport.

Bleſs me! he's here. This is very extraordinary, indeed, Mrs. Goodman.

Free. Don't diſturb yourſelf, young woman; don't diſturb yourſelf!

Molly. Mighty free and eaſy, methinks!

Amelia. Excuſe me, Sir; I am not uſed to receive viſits from perſons entirely unknown.

Free. Unknown! There is not a man in all London better known than I am. I am a merchant, my name is Freeport; Freeport of Crutched-Friars: enquire upon 'Change!

Amelia. Mrs. Goodman! I never ſaw the gentleman before. I am ſurpriſed at his coming here.

Free. Pho, prithee!—Mrs. Goodman knows me well enough. [*Mrs. Goodman talks apart with Amelia.*] Ay! that's right, Mrs. Goodman. Let her know who I am, and tell her to make herſelf eaſy.

Mrs. Good. But the lady does not chuſe we ſhould trouble her, Sir.

Free. Trouble her? I'll give her no trouble; I came to drink a diſh of tea with you; let your maid get it ready, and we will have it here inſtead of your parlour. In the mean time I will talk with this lady; I have ſomething to ſay to her.

Amelia. If you had any buſineſs, Sir——

Free. Buſineſs! I tell you I have very particular buſineſs; ſo ſit down, and let's have the tea.

Mrs. Good. You ſhould not have followed me ſo ſoon, Sir.

Free. Pho, prithee! [*Exit Mrs. Goodman.*

Molly. This is the oddeſt man I ever ſaw in my life.

Amelia. Well, Sir, as I ſee you are a particular acquaintance of Mrs. Goodman—But pray what are your commands for me, Sir? [*They ſit.*

Free. I tell you what, young woman; I am a plain man, and will tell you my mind in an inſtant. I am told that you are one of the beſt women in the

the world; very virtuous, and very poor; I like you for that: But they ſay you are exceſſively proud too; now I don't like you for that, madam.

Molly. Free and eaſy ſtill, I ſee.

Amelia. And pray, Sir, who told you ſo?

Free. Mrs. Goodman.

Amelia. She has deceived you, Sir; not in regard to my pride, perhaps, for there is a certain right pride which every body, eſpecially women, ought to poſſeſs; and as to virtue, it is no more than my duty: But as to poverty, I diſclaim it; they who want nothing, cannot be ſaid to be poor.

Free. It is no ſuch thing: You don't ſpeak the truth; and that is worſe than being proud. I know very well that you are as poor as Job, that you are in want of common neceſſaries, and don't make a good meal above once in a fortnight.

Molly. My miſtreſs faſts for her health, Sir.

Free. Hold your tongue, huſſy! What, are you proud too?

Molly. Lord, what a ſtrange man!

Free. But however, madam, proud or not proud, does not ſignify twopence. Hark ye, young woman, it is a rule with me (as it ought to be with every good Chriſtian) to give a tenth part of my fortune in charity. In the account of my profits, there

there ſtands at preſent the ſum of two thouſand pounds on the credit ſide of my books; ſo that I am two hundred pounds in arrear. This I look upon as a debt due from my fortune to your poverty. Yes, your poverty, I ſay, ſo never deny it. There's a bank-note for two hundred pounds; and now I am out of your debt. Where the deuce is this tea, I wonder?

Molly. I never ſaw ſuch a man in my life.

Amelia. I don't know that I ever was ſo thoroughly confounded. [*Apart.*]—Sir! [*To Freeport.*

Free. Well?

Amelia. This noble action has ſurpriſed me ſtill more than your converſation, but you muſt excuſe my refuſal of your kindneſs; for I muſt confeſs, that if I were to accept what you offer, I don't know when I ſhould be able to reſtore it.

Free. Reſtore it! why, who wants you to reſtore it? I never dreamt of reſtitution.

Amelia. I feel, I feel your goodneſs to the bottom of my ſoul; but you muſt excuſe me. I have no occaſion for your bounty; take your note, Sir, and beſtow it where it is wanted.

Molly. Lord, madam! you are ten times ſtranger than the gentleman. I tell you what, Sir; [*to Freeport*] it does not ſignify talking; we are in the greateſt

greateſt diſtreſs in the world, and if it had not been for the kindneſs and good-nature of Mrs. Goodman, we might have died by this time. My lady has concealed her diſtreſs from every body that was willing and able to relieve her; you have come to the knowledge of it in ſpite of her teeth; and I hope that you will oblige her, in ſpite of her teeth, to accept of your generous offer.

Amelia. No more, my dear Polly; if you would not have me die with ſhame, ſay no more! Return the gentleman his note, with my beſt thanks for his kindneſs; tell him, I durſt not accept of it; for when a woman receives preſents from a man, the world will always ſuſpect that ſhe pays for them at the expence of her virtue.

Free. What's that? what does ſhe ſay, child?

Molly. Lord, Sir, I hardly know what ſhe ſays. She ſays, that when a gentleman makes a young lady preſents, he is always ſuppoſed to have a deſign upon her virtue.

Free. Nonſenſe! why ſhould ſhe ſuſpect me of an ungenerous deſign, becauſe I do a generous action?

Molly. Do you hear, madam?

Amelia. Yes, I hear; I admire; but I muſt perſiſt in my refuſal: If that ſcandalous fellow Spatter were

were to hear of this, he would ſtick at ſaying nothing.

Free. Eh! what's that?

Molly. She is afraid you ſhould be taken for her lover, Sir.

Free. I for your lover! not I. I never ſaw you before. I don't love you; ſo make no ſcruples upon that account; I like you well enough, but I don't love you at all; not at all, I tell you. If you have a mind never to ſee my face any more, good bye t'ye! you ſhall never ſee me any more; if you like I ſhould come back again, I'll come back again. But I loſe time; I have buſineſs; your ſervant! [*Going.*

Amelia. Stay, Sir! do not leave me without receiving the ſincereſt acknowledgments of my gratitude and eſteem; but, above all, receive your note again, and do not put me any longer to the bluſh!

Free. The woman is a fool!

Enter Mrs. Goodman.

Amelia. Come hither, I beſeech you, Mrs. Goodman.

Mrs. Good. Your pleaſure, madam!

Amelia. Here! take this note, which that gentleman

man has given me by miſtake; return it to him, I charge you! aſſure him of my eſteem and admiration; but let him know I need no aſſiſtance, and cannot accept it. [*Exit.*

Manent Freeport, &c.

Mrs. Good. Ah! Mr. Freeport! you have been at your old trade. You are always endeavouring to do good actions in ſecret; but the world always finds you out, you ſee.

Molly. Well, I don't believe there are two ſtranger people in England than my miſtreſs, and that gentleman; one ſo ready to part with money; and the other ſo unwilling to receive it. But don't believe her, Sir; for, between friends, ſhe is in very great need of aſſiſtance, I aſſure you.

Mrs. Good. Indeed I believe ſo.

Free. Oh, I have no doubt on't; ſo I'll tell you what, Mrs. Goodman; keep the note, and ſupply her wants out of it without her knowledge; and, now I think of it, that way is better than t'other.

Molly. I never ſaw ſuch a ſtrange man in my life. [*Exit.*

Mrs. Good. I ſhall obey your kind commands, Sir. Poor ſoul! my heart bleeds for her; her virtue and misfortunes touch me to the ſoul.

Free.

Free. I have ſome little feeling for her too; but ſhe is too proud. A fine face; fine figure; well behaved; well bred; and I dare ſay an excellent heart!—But ſhe is too proud; tell her ſo, d'ye hear? tell her ſhe is too proud. I ſhall be too late for my buſineſs—I'll ſee her again ſoon—It is a pity ſhe is ſo proud. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

Scene, a hall.

Sir William Douglas alone.

A YOUNG woman! a native of Scotland! her name Amelia! ſuppoſed to be in the greateſt diſtreſs, and living in total retirement! If fortune ſhould for once ſmile upon me, and have thrown me into the very ſame houſe! I don't know what to think of it; and yet ſo many uncommon circumſtances together recall the memory of my misfortunes, and awaken all the father in my boſom.—I muſt be ſatisfied.

Enter Molly, croſſing the ſtage.

Sir Will. Madam! will you permit me to ſpeak one word to you?

Molly.

Molly. [*coming forward.*] If you pleaſe. What is your pleaſure, Sir?

Sir Will. I preſume, Madam, you are the charming young woman I heard of?

Molly. I have a few charms in the eyes of ſome folks, to be ſure, Sir.

Sir Will. And you are a native of Scotland, they tell me?

Molly. I am, at your ſervice, Sir.

Sir Will. Will you give me leave to aſk the name of your family? Who is your father?

Molly. I really don't remember my father.

Sir Will. Ha! not remember him, do you ſay? [*Earneſtly.*

Molly. No, Sir; but I have been told that he was——

Sir Will. Who, madam?

Molly. One of the moſt eminent bakers in Aberdeen, Sir.

Sir Will. Oh, I conceive! You live, I ſuppoſe, with the young lady I meant to ſpeak to. I miſtook you for the lady herſelf.

Molly. You did me a great deal of honour, I aſſure you, Sir.

Sir Will. But you are acquainted with your miſtreſs's family?

Molly.

Molly. Family, Sir!

Sir Will. Ay; who are her parents?

Molly. She comes of very creditable parents, I promiſe you, Sir.

Sir Will. I don't doubt it; but who are they? I have particular reaſons for enquiring.

Molly. Very likely ſo; but I muſt beg to be excuſed, Sir.

Sir Will. Of what age is your miſtreſs? You will tell me that at leaſt.

Molly. Oh, as to her age, ſhe don't care who knows that; ſhe is too young to deny her age yet a-while. She is about one-and-twenty, Sir.

Sir Will. Preciſely the age of my Amelia! [*apart.* One-and-twenty, you ſay?

Molly. Yes, Sir; and I am about two-and-twenty; there is no great difference between us.

Sir Will. [*apart.*] It muſt be ſo; her age, her country, her manner of living, all concur to prove her mine; my dear child, whom I left to taſte of misfortune from her cradle!

Molly. [*apart.*] What is he muttering, I wonder! I wiſh this one-and-twenty has not turned the old gentleman's head.

Sir

Sir Will. Let me beg the favour of you to conduct me to your miſtreſs: I want to ſpeak with her.

Molly. She will ſee no company, Sir; ſhe is indiſpoſed; ſhe is in great affliction; and receives no viſits at all.

Sir Will. Mine is not a viſit of form or ceremony, or even impertinent curioſity; but on the moſt urgent buſineſs. Tell her I am her fellow-countryman.

Molly. What! are you of Scotland too, Sir?

Sir Will. I am. Tell her I take part in her afflictions, and may, perhaps, bring her ſome conſolation.

Molly. There is ſomething mighty particular about this old gentleman! He has not brought another two hundred pounds, ſure! [*Apart.*] Well, Sir; ſince you are ſo very preſſing, ſince you ſay you are our fellow-countryman, if you will walk this way, I'll ſpeak to my miſtreſs, and ſee what I can do for you.

Sir Will. I am obliged to you. [*Exit Molly.*] And now, if I may truſt the forebodings of an old fond heart, I am going to throw my arms about my daughter. [*Exit.*

As Sir William follows Molly out on one ſide, Spatter appears on the other.

Spatter alone.

There they go! what the deuce can that old fellow and Amelia's maid do together? The ſlut is certainly conducting him to her miſtreſs! In leſs than half an hour I expect that Amelia will be apprehended. In the mean time, I muſt be upon the watch; for, ſince I have laid the information, it is high time that I ſhould collect ſome materials to ſupport it.—Who comes here? Lord Falbridge's valet de chambre: His errand is to Amelia, without doubt; ſomething may be learnt there, perhaps.

Enter La France.

Ha! Monſieur la France! your ſervant.

La. Fr. Serviteur! ver glad to ſee you, monſieur Spatter.

Spat. Well; what brings you here? eh, monſieur La France?

La. Fr. Von lettre, monſieur.

Spat. A letter to whom?

La. Fr. From mi lor to Mademoiſelle Amelie.

Spat. Oh, you're miſtaken, monſieur; that letter is for lady Alton.

La. Fr. Lady Alton! no, *ma foi!* it be for Mademoiſelle.

Mademoiſelle. I am no miſtake. *Je ne me trompe pas la deſſus.*

Spat. Why, have not you carried ſeveral letters from lord Falbridge to lady Alton?

La. Fr. Oh, que oui! but dis be for de young laty dat lif here; for Mademoiſelle: Mi lor lov her! *ma foi*; he lov her *à la folie.*

Spat. And he loved lady Alton *à la folie*, did not he?

La. Fr. Oh, que non! he lov her ſo *gentely! ſi tranquilement*; *ma foi*, he lov her *à la Françoiſe.* But now he lov Mademoiſelle; he no eat, no ſleep, no ſpeak, but Mademoiſelle; no tink but of Mademoiſelle; quite an oder ting, monſieur Spatter, quite an oder ting!

Spat. Well, well; no matter for that; the letter is for lady Alton, I promiſe you.

La. Fr. Ah! pardonnez moi!

Spat. It is, I aſſure you; and to convince you of it, ſee here, monſieur! Lady Alton has ſent you five guineas to pay the poſtage.

La. Fr. Five guinées! *ma foi*, I believe I was miſtake, indeed.

Spat. Ay, ay; I told you you were miſtaken: And after all, if it ſhould not be for her ladyſhip, ſhe will encloſe it in another caſe, and ſend it to Amelia, and nobody will be the wiſer.

La. Fr. Fort bien; ver well; *la voila.* [*gives the letter.*] I have got five guinées; I don't care.

Spat. Why ſhould you? Where's the harm, if one woman ſhould receive a letter written to another? There will be nothing loſt by it; for if Amelia don't receive this, ſhe will receive others; and letters of this ſort are all alike, you know.

La. Fr. Begar dat is ver true. Adieu, Sir.—I have execute my commiſſion: Adieu. *Oh! je fais bien mes commiſſions, moi!* [*Exit.*

Spatter alone.

See the effects of ſecret-ſervice-money! Intelligence muſt be paid for; and the bribing couriers is a fair ſtratagem, by all the laws of war. Shall I break open this letter; or carry it to lady Alton as it is? No; I'll read it myſelf, that I may have the credit of communicating the contents. Let me ſee! [*opens the letter and reads.*] "Thou dear-"eſt, moſt reſpectable, and moſt virtuous of wo-"men!" So! this is *à la folie*, indeed, as monſieur la France calls it.—"If any conſideration could "add to my remorſe, for the injury I have offered "you, it would be the diſcovery of your real "character." Ah, ah! "I know who you are. "I know you are the daughter of the unhappy "Sir William Douglas." So, ſo! "Judge then "of

" of the tumult of my ſoul; which is only pre-
" ſerved from the horrors of deſpair, by the
" hopes of rendering ſome ſervice to the father,
" which may, perhaps, in ſome meaſure atone
" for my behaviour to his too-juſtly offended
" daughter. Give me leave, this evening, to ſue
" for my pardon at your feet, and to inform you
" of the meaſures I have taken. In the mean time,
" believe me unalterably yours. Falbridge."
This is a precious pacquet, indeed.—Now if I could diſcover the father too!—His lordſhip's viſit will be too late in the evening, I fancy; the lady will not be at home; but, before ſhe goes, once more to my old trade of eaves-dropping about her apartments! The old gentleman and ſhe are certainly together, and their converſation perhaps may be curious. At all events, lady Alton muſt be gratified. Men of letters never get any thing of their patrons, but by ſacrificing to their foibles. [*Exit.*

Amelia's apartment.

Sir William Douglas and Amelia diſcovered ſitting.

Sir Will. Every word you utter, touches me to the ſoul. Nothing but ſuch noble ſentiments could have ſupported your ſpirit under ſo many misfortunes.

Amelia. Perhaps it is to my misfortunes that I

owe thoſe ſentiments; had I been brought up in eaſe and luxury, my mind, which has learnt fortitude from diſtreſs, might have been enfeebled by proſperity.

Sir Will. Thou moſt amiable of thy ſex, I conjure thee to hide nothing from me. You ſay you were born at Aberdeen; you confeſs that you are derived from one of thoſe unhappy families, who ſuffered themſelves to be ſo fatally deluded, and drawn from their allegiance to the beſt of kings. Why, why then, will you not tell me all? Why do you endeavour to conceal your name and family?

Amelia. My duty to my family obliges me to ſilence. My father's life is forfeited by the ſentence of the law; and he owes his exiſtence at this hour to flight or ſecrecy. He may be in England; he may, for aught I know, be in London; and the divulging my name and family might create a freſh ſearch after him, and expoſe him to new perils. Your converſation, it is true, has inſpired me with reſpect and tenderneſs; but yet you are a ſtranger to me: I have reaſon to fear every thing, and one word may undo me.

Sir Will. Alas! one word may make us both happy. Tell me; of what age were you, when your cruel fortune ſeparated you from your father?

Amelia.

Amelia. An infant; ſo young, that I have not the leaſt traces of him in my memory.

Sir Will. And your mother; what became of her?

Amelia. She, as I have often heard, was carried off by a fever, while ſhe was preparing to embark with me, to follow the fortunes of my father. He, driven almoſt to deſpair by this laſt ſtroke of ill fortune, continually ſhifted his place of reſidence abroad; but for ſome years paſt, whether by his death, the miſcarriage of letters, the infidelity of friends, or other accidents, I have not received the leaſt intelligence of him; and now I almoſt begin to deſpair of hearing of him again, tho' I ſtill perſiſt in my enquiries.

Sir Will. [*riſing.*] It muſt be ſo; it is as I imagined. All theſe touching circumſtances are melancholy witneſſes of the truth of it. Yes, my child! I am that unhappy father, whom you loſt ſo early; I am that unfortunate huſband, whom death and my unhappy fate, almoſt at the very ſame period, divorced from the beſt of wives; I am Sir William Douglas.

Amelia. Sir William Douglas! Have I lived to ſee my father? then Heaven has heard my prayers! This is the firſt happy moment of my unfortunate

life. [*embracing.*]—And yet your preſence here fills me with apprehenſions; I tremble for your ſafety, for your life; how durſt you venture your perſon in this kingdom? how can you expoſe yourſelf to the danger of diſcovery in this town? My whole ſoul is in a tumult of fear and joy.

Sir Will. Do not be alarmed, my Amelia; fear nothing; Heaven begins to ſmile upon my fortune. To find thee ſo unexpectedly, to find thee with a mind ſo ſuperior to diſtreſs, ſoftens the anguiſh of my paſt life, and gives me happy omens of the future.

Amelia. Oh, Sir! by the joy I receive from the embraces of a father, let me conjure you to provide for your ſafety! do not expoſe me to the horror of loſing you again; of loſing you for ever! Quit this town immediately; every moment that you remain in it, is at the hazard of your life; I am ready to accompany you to any part of the world.

Sir Will. My dear child! how I grieve that your youth and virtue ſhould be involved in my misfortunes! Yes, we will quit this kingdom; prepare for your departure, and we may leave London this evening.

Enter

Enter Owen haſtily.

Ha! Owen! thou art come at a happy moment. I have found my daughter. This is your young miſtreſs, the paragon of her ſex, my dear, my amiable Amelia!

Owen. Oh, Sir, this is no time for congratulation. You are in the moſt imminent danger.

Sir Will. What is the matter?

Owen. The officers of government are at this inſtant in the houſe. I ſaw them enter; I heard them ſay they had authority to apprehend ſome ſuſpected perſon, and I ran immediately to inform you of your danger.

Amelia. Oh, Heaven! My father, what will you do?

Owen. Do not be alarmed, Sir; we are two; we are armed; and we may perhaps be able to make our way through them; I will ſtand by you to the laſt drop of my blood.

Sir Will. Thou faithful creature! Stay, Owen; our fears may betray us; till we are ſure we are attacked, let us ſhew no ſigns of oppoſition!

Enter Molly, haſtily.

Molly. My dear miſtreſs! we are ruined; we are undone for ever.

Amelia.

Amelia. There are officers of juſtice in the houſe; I have heard it: tell me, tell me this inſtant, whom do they ſeek for?

Molly. For you, madam; for you; they have a warrant to apprehend you, they ſay.

Amelia. But they have no warrant to apprehend any body elſe?

Molly. No, madam; nobody elſe; but I will follow you to the end of the world.

Amelia. My dear Polly, I did not mean *you.* Retire, Sir! [*to Sir William.*] For heaven's leave me to their mercy; they can have no facts againſt me; my life has been as innocent as unfortunate, and I muſt ſoon be releaſed.

Sir Will. No, my child; I will not leave thee.

Molly. My child? This is Sir William Douglas then, as ſure as I am alive!

Sir Will. Beſides, retiring at ſuch a time might create ſuſpicion, and incur the danger we would wiſh to avoid.

Molly. They will be in the room in a moment; I think I hear them upon the ſtairs; they would have been here before me, if Mr. Freeport had not come in and ſtopt them.

Sir Will. Courage, my dear Amelia!

Amelia. Alas, Sir? I have no terrors but for you.

Owen.

Owen. They are here, Sir.

Molly. Oh, lord! here they are, indeed! I am frighted out of my wits.

Enter Mrs. Goodman, Freeport, and Officer.

Free. A warrant to ſeize her? a harmleſs young woman? it is impoſſible.

Officer. Pardon me, Sir; if the young lady goes by the name of Amelia Walton, I have a warrant to apprehend her.

Free. On what account?

Officer. As a dangerous perſon.

Free. Dangerous!

Officer. Yes, Sir; ſuſpected of diſaffection and treaſonable practices.

Amelia. I am the unhappy object of your ſearch, Sir; give me leave to know the ſubſtance of the accuſation.

Officer. I cannot tell you particulars, madam; but information upon oath has been made againſt you, and I am ordered to apprehend you.

Mrs. Good. But you will accept of bail, Sir? I will be bound for all I am worth in the world.

Officer. In theſe caſes, madam, bail is not uſual; and if ever accepted at all, it is exceſſively high;

and

and given by perſons of very large property, and known character.

Free. Well; my property is large enough, and my character very well known. My name is Freeport.

Officer. I know you very well, Sir.

Free. I'll anſwer for her appearance; I'll be bound in a penalty of five hundred pounds, a thouſand, two thouſand, or what ſum you pleaſe.

Officer. And will you enter into the recogniſance immediately?

Free. With all my heart; come along! [*Going.*

Officer. And are you in earneſt, Sir?

Free. Ay, to be ſure. Why not?

Officer. Becauſe, Sir, I'll venture to ſay there are but few people, that place their money on ſuch ſecurities.

Free. So much the worſe! he who can employ it in doing good, places it on the beſt ſecurity, and puts it out at the higheſt intereſt in the world.

[*Exit with the Officer.*

Manent Sir William Douglas, &c.

Sir Will. I can hardly truſt my eyes and ears! who is this benevolent gentleman?

Mrs.

Mrs. Good. I don't wonder you are ſurpriſed at Mr. Freeport's manner of proceeding, Sir; but it is his way. He is not a man of compliment; but he does the moſt eſſential ſervice, in leſs time than others take in making proteſtations.

Molly. Here he is again; heaven reward him!

Re-enter Freeport.

Free. So! that matter is diſpatched; now to our other affairs! this is a buſy day with me.—Look-ye, Sir William, we muſt be brief; there is no time to be loſt.

Sir Will. How! am I betrayed then?

Free. Betrayed! no; but you are diſcovered.

Owen. What! my maſter diſcovered!

[*Offers to draw.*

Free. [*to Owen.*] Nay, never clap thy hand to thy ſword, old Truſty! your maſter is in danger, it is true; but not from me, I promiſe you. Go, and get him a poſt-chaiſe; and let him pack off this inſtant; that is the beſt way of ſhewing your attachment to him at preſent.—Twenty years, Sir William, have not made ſo great an alteration in you, but I knew you the moment I ſaw you.

Mrs. Good. Harbour no diſtruſt of Mr. Freeport, Sir; he is one of the worthieſt men living.

Amelia. I know his worthineſs. His behaviour to the officer but this moment, uncommonly generous as it appeared, is not the firſt teſtimony he has given me to-day, of his noble diſpoſition.

Free. Noble! pſhaw! nonſenſe!

Sir Will. [*to Freeport.*] Sir; the kind manner in which you have been pleaſed to intereſt yourſelf in my affairs, has almoſt as much overpowered me, as if you had ſurpriſed me with hoſtile proceedings. Which way ſhall I thank you for your goodneſs to me and my Amelia?

Free. Don't thank me at all; when you are out of danger, perhaps I may make a propoſal to you, that will not be diſagreeable; at preſent, think of nothing but your eſcape; for I ſhould not be ſurpriſed, if they were very ſhortly to make you the ſame compliment they have paid to Amelia: and in your caſe, which is really a ſerious one, they might not be in the humour to accept of my recogniſance.

Mrs. Good. Mr. Freeport is in the right, Sir; every moment of delay is hazardous; let us prevail upon you to depart immediately! Amelia being wholly innocent, cannot be long detained in cuſtody, and as ſoon as ſhe is releaſed, I will bring her to you, wherever you ſhall appoint.

Free.

Free. Ay, ay, you muſt be gone directly, Sir; and as you may want ready money upon the road, take my purſe! [*Offering his purſe.*

Sir Will. No, thou trueſt friend, I have no need of it. With what wonderful goodneſs have you acted towards me and my unhappy family!

Free. Wonderful! why wonderful? Would not you have done the ſame, if you had been in my place?

Sir Will. I hope I ſhould.

Free. Well then, where is the wonder of it? Come, come, let us ſee you make ready for your departure!

Sir Will. Thou beſt of men!

Free. Beſt of men? Heaven forbid! I have done no more than my duty by you. I am a man myſelf; and am bound to be a friend to all mankind, you know. [*Exeunt.*

ACT

ACT IV.

SCENE, *Spatter's apartment.*

Lady Alton with a letter in her hand, and Spatter.

Lady Alton.

THANKS, my good Spatter, many thanks for this precious epiſtle! more precious at preſent than one of Ovid, Pliny, or Cicero. It is at once a billet-doux and a ſtate paper; and ſerves at the ſame time to convict her of conſpiring againſt me and the publick.

Spat. It is a valuable manuſcript, to be ſure, madam; and yet that is but the leaſt half of my diſcoveries, ſince I left your ladyſhip.

L. Alt. But is not this half, according to the Grecian axiom, more than the whole, Mr. Spatter?

Spat. When you know the whole, I believe you will think not, madam.

L. Alt. Out with it then! I am impatient to be miſtreſs of it.

Spat. By intercepting this letter of lord Falbridge's, your ladyſhip ſees that we have diſcovered Amelia to be the daughter of Sir William Douglas.

L. Alt.

L. Alt. True.

Spat. But what would you ſay, madam, if I had found out the father himſelf too?

L. Alt. Sir William Douglas!

Spat. Is now in this houſe, madam.

L. Alt. Impoſſible!

Spat. Nothing more certain. He arrived this morning, under a feigned name. I ſaw him conducted to Amelia's apartment. This raiſed my ſuſpicion, and I planted myſelf at her door, with all the circumſpection of a ſpy, and addreſs of a chambermaid. There I overheard their mutual acknowledgments of each other; and a curious interview it was. Firſt they wept for grief; and then they wept for joy; and then they wept for grief again. Their tears, however, were ſoon interrupted by the arrival of the officer, whoſe purpoſe was partly defeated, as you have already heard, by the intervention of Freeport.

L. Alt. Yes; the brute! But that delay was not half ſo unfortunate, as your diſcoveries have been happy, Spatter; for my revenge ſhall now return on them with redoubled fury. Iſſue out upon them once more; ſee what they are about; and be ſure to give me immediate notice if lord Falbridge ſhould come. [*Going.*

Spat. Stay, madam. After intercepting the letter, I ſent for your ladyſhip, that at ſo critical a juncture, you might be preſent on the ſpot: and if you go home again, we ſhall loſe time, which perhaps may be precious, in running to and fro. Suppoſe you ſtep into the ſtudy, till I return. You will find my own anſwer to my laſt pamphlet, and the two firſt ſheets of the next month's magazine, to amuſe you.

L. Alt. Planned like a wiſe general! Do you then go, and *reconnoitre* the enemy, while I lie here in ambuſh to reinforce you as ſoon as there ſhall be occaſion. Do but give the word, we'll make a vigorous ſally, put their whole body to rout, and take Amelia and her father priſoners.

[*Exeunt ſeverally.*

A hall.

Freeport alone.

I don't know how it is; but this Amelia here runs in my head ſtrangely. Ever ſince I ſaw her, I think of nothing elſe. I am not in love with her. In love with her! that's nonſenſe. But I feel a kind of uneaſineſs, a ſort of pain that—I don't know what to make of it—I'll ſpeak to her father about her.

Enter

Enter Owen.

Well, old True-penny! Have you prepared every thing for Sir William's departure?

Owen. We had need be going, indeed, Sir; we are in continual danger while we ſtay here. Who d'ye think lodged the information againſt madam Amelia?

Free. Who?

Owen. A perſon who lodges in this very houſe, it ſeems: One Mr. Spatter, Sir.

Free. Spatter! how d'ye know?

Owen. I had it from one of the officers who came to apprehend her.

Free. A dog! I could find in my heart to cut off his ears with my own hands, and ſave him the diſgrace of the pillory.

Owen. My poor maſter is always unfortunate. If lord Brumpton had lived a week longer, Sir William might perhaps have been out of the reach of their malice.

Free. Lord Brumpton?

Owen. Yes, Sir. He was ſoliciting my maſter's pardon; but died before he had accompliſhed his benevolent intentions.

Free. Ha! a thought ſtrikes me. [*Apart.*] Hark

ye, friend, [*to Owen*] does Sir William know the preſent Lord Brumpton?

Owen. No, Sir. The late lord had no children, or near relations, living; and, indeed, he was the only ſurviving friend of my poor maſter in the kingdom.

Free. Is the chaiſe at the door?

Owen. Not yet, Sir; but I expect it every moment.

Free. Run to your maſter, and deſire him not to go till I ſee him. Tell him I am going out upon his buſineſs, and will be back within this hour.

Owen. I will let him know immediately. Ah, you're a true friend indeed, Sir.

[*Shaking him earneſtly by the hand.*

Free. Pho, prithee!

Owen. Ah! Heaven preſerve you! [*Exit.*

Freeport alone.

Fare thee well, old Honeſty! By the death of lord Brumpton, without children or near relations living, as Owen ſays, the title and eſtate come to my old friend Jack Brumpton, of Liverpoole; who is of a diſtant branch; a fortieth couſin, for aught I know; who has paſt his whole life in a counting-houſe; and who, a few years ago, no

more

more dreamt of being a lord, than grand ſignior, or great mogul. He has ſo good a heart, that I believe it is impoſſible even for a title to corrupt it. I know he is in town; ſo I'll go to him immediately; acquaint him with the obligation entailed on him, to be of ſervice to Sir William; and make him heir to the benevolence of his predeceſſor, as well as his wealth and dignity. [*Going, ſtops.*] Who's here! Mrs. Goodman and Spatter, as I live! Oh, the dog! my blood riſes at the villain. If I don't take care, I ſhall incur an action of battery for caning the raſcal.

Enter Mrs. Goodman and Spatter.

Mrs. Good. In ſhort, Mr. Spatter, I muſt beg leave to give you warning, and deſire that you would provide yourſelf with another lodging as ſoon as poſſible.

Spat. What now? what the deuce is the matter with you, Mrs. Goodman?

Mrs. Good. I ſee now the meaning of lady Alton's recommendation of ſuch a lodger to my houſe, as well as of her viſits to Amelia, and her frequent conferences with you, Sir.

Spat. The woman is certainly out of her ſenſes.

Free. What has been laid to your charge is no joke, Sir.

Spat. What! are you there to keep up her back-hand, Mr. Freeport? What is all this?

Free. You are found out to be a ſpy, Sir.

Mrs. Good. A perſon who pries into the ſecrets of families, merely to betray them.

Free. An informer.

Mrs. Good. An eaves-dropper.

Free. A liar.

Spat. Right-hand and left! this is too much: what the plague is the matter with you both!

Mrs. Good. Did not you go and tell that Amelia was a native of Scotland?

Spat. Well; and where's the harm of being born in Scotland?

Free. None; except by your malicious interpretation, raſcal; by means of which you made it the ground of an information againſt her, and were the cauſe of her being apprehended.

Spat. And you were the cauſe of her being releaſed; every man in his way, Mr. Freeport!

Free. Look you, ſirrah! you are one of thoſe wretches, who miſcall themſelves authors; a fellow, whoſe heart, and tongue, and pen, are equally ſcandalous; who try to inſinuate yourſelf every

where,

where, to make miſchief if there is none, and to increaſe it, if you find any. But if you fetch and carry like a ſpaniel, you muſt be treated like one. I have obſerved that you are always loitering in the paſſages; but if I catch you within the wind of a door again, I'll beat you till you are as black as your own ink, ſirrah. Now you know my mind.

[*Exit.*

Spat. Very civil and very polite, indeed, Mr. Freeport. Ha! here comes my friend lord Falbridge.

Mrs. Good. Lord Falbridge your friend? For ſhame, Mr. Spatter!

Enter Lord Falbridge, haſtily.

L. Fal. Mrs. Goodman, I rejoice to ſee you. Tell me, how does my Amelia? I have heard of her diſtreſs, and flew to her relief. Was ſhe alarmed? was ſhe terrified?

Mrs. Good. Not much, my lord: She ſuſtained the ſhock with the ſame conſtancy that ſhe endures every other affliction.

L. Fal. I know her merit; I am too well acquainted with her greatneſs of ſoul; and hope it is not yet too late for me to do juſtice to her virtue. Go to her, my dear Mrs. Goodman, and tell her, I beg to ſee her: I have ſomething that concerns her very nearly, to impart to her.

Mrs. Good. I will, my lord. [*Exit.*

L. Fal. Oh, Mr. Spatter! I did not ſee you. What have you got there, Sir?

[*Seeing a paper in his hand.*

Spat. Propoſals for a new work, my lord! May I beg the honour of your lordſhip's name among my liſt of ſubſcribers?

L. Fal. With all my heart, Sir. I am already in your debt on another account.

[*Pulling out his purſe.*

Spat. To me, my lord? You do me a great deal of honour; I ſhould be very proud to be of the leaſt ſervice to your lordſhip.

L. Fal. You have been of great ſervice to me already, Sir. It was you, I find, lodged the information againſt this young lady.

Spat. I did no more than my duty, my lord.

L. Fal. Yes; you did me a favour, Sir. I conſider only the deed, and put the intention quite out of the queſtion. You meant to do Amelia a prejudice, and you have done me a ſervice: for by endeavouring to bring her into diſtreſs, you gave me an opportunity of ſhewing my eagerneſs to relieve her.—There, Sir! there is for the good you have done, while you meant to make miſchief. [*giving him a few guineas.*] But take this along with it; if you ever preſume to mention the name

of

of Amelia any more, or give yourſelf the leaſt concern about her, or her affairs, I'll——

Spat. I am obliged to your lordſhip. [*Bowing.*

L. Fal. Be gone, Sir; leave me.

Spat. Your moſt humble ſervant, my lord!—So; I am abuſed by every body; and yet I get money by every body;—egad, I believe I am a much cleverer fellow than I thought I was. [*Exit.*

Lord Falbridge alone.

Alas! I am afraid that Amelia will not ſee me. What would I not ſuffer to repair the affront that I have offered her?

Enter Molly.

Ha! Polly! how much am I obliged to you for ſending me notice of Amelia's diſtreſs!

Molly. Huſh, my lord! Speak lower, for heaven's ſake! My miſtreſs has ſo often forbad me to tell any thing about her, that I tremble ſtill at the thoughts of the confidence I have put in you. I was bewitched, I think, to let you know who ſhe was.

L. Fal. You were inſpired, Polly; heaven inſpired you to acquaint me with all her diſtreſſes, that I might recommend myſelf to her favour again,

again, by my zeal to ſerve her, though againſt her will.

Molly. That was the reaſon I told you; for elſe I am ſure I ſhould die with grief to give her the leaſt uneaſineſs.

L. Fal. But may I hope to ſee Amelia? Will ſhe let me ſpeak with her?

Molly. No indeed, my lord; ſhe is ſo offended at your late behaviour, that ſhe will not even ſuffer us to mention your name to her.

L. Fal. Death and confuſion! What a wretch have I made myſelf! Go, Polly, go, and let her know that I muſt ſpeak with her; inform her, that I have been active for her welfare; and have authority to releaſe her from the information lodged againſt her.

Molly. I will let her know your anxiety, my lord; but indeed I am afraid ſhe will not ſee you.

L. Fal. She muſt, Polly, ſhe muſt. The agonies of my mind are intolerable; tell her, ſhe muſt come, if it be but for a moment; or elſe, in the bitterneſs of deſpair, I fear I ſhall break into her apartment, and throw myſelf at her feet.

Molly. Lud! you frighten me out of my wits. Have a little patience, and I'll tell my miſtreſs what a taking you are in.

L. Fal.

L. Fal. Fly, then! I can taſte no comfort, till I hear her reſolution. [*Exit Molly.*

Lord Falbridge alone.

How culpably have I acted towards the moſt amiable of her ſex! But I will make her every reparation in my power. The warmth and ſincerity of my repentance ſhall extort forgiveneſs from her. By heaven, ſhe comes!—Death! how ſenſibly does an ungenerous action abaſe us! I am conſcious of the ſuperiority of her virtue, and almoſt dread the encounter.

Enter Amelia.

Amelia. I underſtand, my lord, that by your application I am held free of the charge laid againſt me; and that I am once more entirely at liberty. I am truly ſenſible of your good offices, and thank you for the trouble you have taken. [*Going.*

L. Fal. Stay, madam! do not leave me in ſtill greater diſtraction than you found me. If my zeal to ſerve you has had any weight with you, it muſt have inſpired you with more favourable diſpoſitions towards me.

Amelia. You muſt pardon me, my lord, if I cannot ſo ſoon forget a very late tranſaction. After that,

that, all your proceedings alarm me: Nay, even your preſent zeal to ſerve me creates new ſuſpicions, while I cannot but be doubtful of the motives from which it proceeds.

L. Fal. Cruel Amelia! for, guilty as I am, I muſt complain, ſince it was your own diffidence that was in part the occaſion of my crime.—Why did you conceal your rank and condition from me? Why did not you tell me, that you were the daughter of the unhappy Sir William Douglas?

Amelia. Who told you that I was ſo, my lord?

L. Fal. Nay, do not deny it now: it is in vain to attempt to conceal it any longer; it was the main purport of my letter to apprize you of my knowledge of it.

Amelia. Your letter, my lord!

L. Fal. Yes; wild as it was, it was the offſpring of compunction and remorſe; and if it conveyed the dictates of my ſoul, it ſpoke me the trueſt of penitents. You did not diſdain to read it, ſure!

Amelia. Indeed, my lord, I never received any letter from you.

L. Fal. Not received any! I ſent it this very morning. My own ſervant was the meſſenger. What can this mean? Has he betrayed me?—At preſent,

preſent, ſuffer me to compenſate, as far as poſſible, for the wrongs I have done you: Receive my hand and heart, and let an honourable marriage obliterate the very idea of my paſt conduct.

Amelia. No, my lord; you have diſcovered me, it is true: I am the daughter of Sir William Douglas. Judge for yourſelf then; and think how I ought to look upon a man, who has inſulted my diſtreſs, and endeavoured to tempt me to diſhonour my family.

L. Fal. Your juſtice muſt acquit me of the intention of that offence, ſince at that time I was ignorant of your illuſtrious extraction.

Amelia. It may be ſo; yet your excuſe is but an aggravation of the crime. You imagined me, perhaps, to be of as low and mean an origin, as you thought me poor and unhappy. You ſuppoſed that I had no title to any dowry but my honour, no dependance but on my virtue; and yet you attempted to rob me of that virtue, which was the only jewel that could raiſe the meanneſs of my birth, or ſupport me under my misfortunes; which, inſtead of relieving, you choſe to make the pandar to your vile inclinations.

L. Fal. Thou moſt amiable of thy ſex, how I adore thee! Even thy reſentment renders thee more

more lovely in my eyes, and makes thee, if poſſible, dearer to me than ever. Nothing but our union can ever make me happy.

Amelia. Such an union muſt not, cannot be.

L. Fal. Why? what ſhould forbid it?

Amelia. My father.

L. Fal. Your father! where is he? In whatever part of the world he now reſides, I will convey you to him, and he ſhall ratify our happineſs.

Enter Molly, haſtily.

Molly. Oh lord, madam! here's the angry lady coming again; ſhe that made ſuch a racket this morning.

Amelia. Lady Alton?

Molly. Yes, madam.

L. Fal. Lady Alton! Confuſion! Stay, madam. [*To Amelia, who is going.*

Amelia. No, my lord; I have endured one affront from her already to-day; why ſhould I expoſe myſelf to a ſecond? Her ladyſhip, you know, has a prior claim to your attention. [*Exit.*

L. Fal. Diſtraction! I had a thouſand things to ſay to her.—Go, my dear Polly, follow my Amelia! Plead earneſtly in my behalf; urge all the tendereſt things that fancy can ſuggeſt, and return to me as ſoon as lady Alton is departed!

Molly.

Molly. I will, my lord. O lud! here ſhe is, as I am alive! [*Exit.*

L. Fal. Abandoned by Amelia! and hunted by this fury! I ſhall run wild.

Enter lady Alton.

L. Alt. You may well turn away from me; at length, I have full conviction of your baſeneſs. I am now aſſured of my own ſhame, and your falſehood. Perfidious monſter!

L. Fal. It is unjuſt to tax me with perfidy, madam. I have rather acted with too much ſincerity. I long ago frankly declared to you the utter impoſſibility of our reconciliation.

L. Alt. What! after having made your addreſſes to me? After having ſworn the moſt inviolable affection for me? Oh, thou arch deceiver!

L. Fal. I never deceived you: when I profeſſed a paſſion, I really entertained one; when I made my addreſſes to you, I wiſhed to call you my wife.

L. Alt. And what can you allege in excuſe of your falſhood? Have you not been guilty of the blackeſt perjury?

L. Fal. The change of my ſentiments needs no excuſe from me, madam; you were yourſelf the occaſion

occaſion of it.—In ſpite of the torrent of faſhion, and the practice of too many others of my rank in life, I have a reliſh for domeſtick happineſs; and have always wiſhed for a wife, who might render my home a delightful refuge from the cares and buſtle of the world abroad. Theſe were my views with you; but, thank heaven, your outrageous temper happily betrayed itſelf in good time, and convinced me that my ſole aim in marriage would be fruſtrated: for I could neither have been happy myſelf, nor have made you ſo.

L. Alt. Paltry evaſion! You have abandoned me for your Amelia; you have meanly quitted a perſon of letters, a woman of rank and condition, for an illiterate vagabond, a needy adventurer.

L. Fal. The perſon you mention, madam, is, indeed, the oppoſite of yourſelf; ſhe is all meekneſs, grace, and virtue.

L. Alt. Provoking traitor! You urge me paſt all ſufferance. I meant to expoſtulate, but you oblige me to invective.—But, have a care! You are not ſo ſecure as you ſuppoſe yourſelf; and I may revenge myſelf ſooner than you imagine.

L. Fal. I am aware of your vindictive diſpoſition, madam; for I know that you are more envious than jealous, and rather violent than tender; but the

the preſent object of my affections ſhall be placed above your reſentment, and challenge your reſpect.

L. Alt. Away, fond man! I know that object of your affections better than yourſelf; I know who ſhe is; I know who the ſtranger is that arrived for her this morning; I know all: men more powerful than yourſelf ſhall be appriſed of the whole immediately; and within theſe two hours, nay, within this hour, you ſhall ſee the unworthy object, for which you have ſlighted me, with all that is dear to her and you, torn away from you perforce. [*going.*

L. Fal. Ha! how's this? Stay, madam! Explain yourſelf! But one word; do but hear me!

L. Alt. No; I diſdain to hear you: I ſcorn all explanation. I have diſcovered the contemptible cauſe of your inconſtancy, and know you to be mean, baſe, falſe, treacherous, and perfidious. You have forfeited my tenderneſs, and be aſſured you ſhall feel the effects of my revenge. [*Exit.*

L. Fal. What does ſhe mean? The ſtranger that arrived to-day!—That arrived for my Amelia!—Sure it cannot be. [*Pauſing.*] Is it poſſible that———[*Re-enter Molly.*] Ha, Polly! explain theſe riddles to me. Lady Alton threatens me; ſhe threatens my Amelia: does ſhe know any

thing? Her fury will tranſport her to every extravagance! How dreadful is jealouſy in a woman!

Molly. Ay, it is a dreadful thing, indeed, my lord. Well! heaven ſend me always to be in love, and never to be jealous!

L. Fal. But ſhe talked of tearing Amelia from me perforce—And then, ſome ſtranger—She threatens *him* too: what is it ſhe means?

Molly. What! a gentleman that came to madam Amelia? [*alarmed.*

L. Fal. Yes, to Amelia; and arrived this very day, ſhe ſays.

Molly. We are ruined for ever: ſhe means Sir William Douglas!

L. Fal. The father of my Amelia! Is he here?

Molly. Yes, my lord; I was bound to ſecrecy: but I can't help telling you the whole truth, becauſe I am ſure you will do all in your power to be of ſervice to us.

L. Fal. You know my whole ſoul, Polly: this outrageous woman's malice ſhall be defeated.

Molly. Heaven ſend it may!

L. Fal. Be aſſured, it ſhall: do not alarm your miſtreſs; I fly to ſerve her, and will return as ſoon as poſſible.

Molly. I ſhall be miſerable till we ſee you again, my lord.

L. Fal.

L. Fal. And now, good heaven! that art the protection of innocence, ſecond my endeavours! enable me to repair the affront I have offered to injured virtue, and let me relieve the unhappy from their diſtreſſes! [*Exeunt ſeverally.*

ACT V.

SCENE *continues.*

Lord Falbridge and Molly meeting.

Molly. OH, my lord! I am glad to ſee you returned.

L. Fal. Where is your miſtreſs? [*eagerly.*

Molly. In her own chamber.

L. Fal. And where is Sir William Douglas?

Molly. With my miſtreſs.

L. Fal. And have there been no officers here to apprehend them?

Molly. Officers! No, my lord. Officers! You frighten me. I was in hopes, by ſeeing your lordſhip ſo ſoon again, that there were ſome good news for us.

L. Fal. Never was any thing ſo unfortunate.

The noble perſons, to whom I meant to make application, were out of town; nor could by any means be ſeen or ſpoken with, till to-morrow morning: And to add to my diſtraction, I learnt that a new information had been made, and a new warrant iſſued, to apprehend Sir William Douglas and Amelia.

Molly. Oh dear! what can we do then?

L. Fal. Do! I ſhall run mad. Go, my dear Polly, go to your miſtreſs and Sir William, and inform them of their danger. Every moment is precious; but perhaps they may yet have time to eſcape.

Molly. I will, my lord! [*going.*

L. Fal. Stay! [*Molly returns.*] My chariot is at the door; tell them, not to wait for any other carriage, but to get into that, and drive away immediately.

Molly. I will, my lord. Oh dear! I never was ſo terrified in all my life. [*Exit.*

Lord Falbridge alone.

If I can but ſave them now, we may gain time for mediation. Ha! what noiſe? Are the officers coming? Who's here?

Enter

Enter La France.

La Fr. Mi lor, Monſ. le duc de——

L. Fal. Sirrah! villain! you have been the occaſion of all this miſchief. By your careleſſneſs, or treachery, lady Alton has intercepted my letter to Amelia.

La Fr. Lèdy Altón?

L. Fal. Yes, dog; did not I ſend you here this morning with a letter?

La Fr. Oui, mi lor.

L. Fal. And did you bring it here, raſcal?

La Fr. Oui, mi lor.

L. Fal. No, ſirrah. You did not bring it; the lady never received any letter from me; ſhe told me ſo herſelf. Whom did you give it to? [*La France heſitates.*] Speak, ſirrah; or I'll ſhake your ſoul out of your body. [*Shaking him.*

La Fr. I giv it to——

L. Fal. Who, raſcal?

La Fr. Monſieur Spatter.

L. Fal. Mr. Spatter?

La Fr. Oui, mi lor; he promis to giv it to Mademoiſelle Amelie, vid his own hand.

L. Fal. I ſhall ſoon know the truth of that, Sir, for yonder is Mr. Spatter himſelf: run, and tell him I deſire to ſpeak with him!

La Fr. Oui, mi lor. *Ma foi*, I vas very near keſh; I never was in more *vilain embarras* in all my life.

[*Exit.*

Lord Falbridge alone.

My letter's falling into the hands of that fellow accounts for every thing. The contents inſtructed him concerning Amelia. What a wretch I am! Deſtined every way to be of prejudice to that virtue, which I am bound to adore.

Re-enter La France with Spatter.

Spat. Monſieur La France tells me that your lordſhip deſires to ſpeak with me; what are your commands, my lord? [*Pertly.*

L. Fal. The eaſy impudence of the raſcal puts me out of all patience. [*To himſelf.*

Spat. My lord!

L. Fal. The laſt time I ſaw you, Sir, you were rewarded for the good you had done; you muſt expect now to be chaſtiſed for your miſchief.

Spat. Miſchief, my lord?

L. Fal. Yes, Sir; where is that letter of mine, which La France tells me he gave you to deliver to a young lady of this houſe?

Spat. Oh, the devil! [*apart.*] Letter, my lord? [*Heſitates.*

L. Fal.

L. Fal. Yes, letter, Sir; did not you give it him, La France?

La Fr. Oui, mi lor!

Spat. Y—e—e—s, yes, my lord; I had the letter of monſieur La France, to be ſure, my lord; but——but——

L. Fal. But what, ſirrah? Give me the letter immediately; and if I find that the ſeal has been broken, I will break every bone in your ſkin.

Spat. For Heaven's ſake, my lord! [*feeling in his pockets.*] I—I—I—have not got the letter about me at preſent, my lord; but if you will give me leave to ſtep to my apartment, I'll bring it you immediately. [*Offering to go.*

L. Fal. [*Stopping him.*] No, no; that will not do, Sir; you ſhall not ſtir, I promiſe you. Look you, raſcal! tell me what is become of my letter, or I will be the death of you this inſtant. [*Drawing.*

Spat. [*kneeling.*] Put up your ſword, my lord; put up your ſword; and I will tell you every thing in the world; indeed, I will.

L. Fal. Well, Sir; be quick then!

[*Putting up his ſword.*

Spat. Lady Alton——

L. Fal. Lady Alton! I thought ſo; go on, Sir.

Spat. Lady Alton, my lord, deſired me to procure

cure her all the intelligence in my power, concerning every thing that paſt between your lordſhip and Amelia.

L. Fal. Well, Sir; what then?

Spat. A little patience, I entreat your lordſhip. Accordingly, to oblige her ladyſhip—one muſt oblige the ladies, you know, my lord—I did keep a pretty ſharp look-out, I muſt confeſs: And this morning, meeting monſieur La France, with a letter from your lordſhip in his charge, I very readily gave him five guineas of her ladyſhip's bounty-money, to put it into my hands.

La Fr. Oh diable! me voila perdu! [*Aſide.*

L. Fal. How! a bribe, raſcal? [*To La France.*

La Fr. Ah, mi lor! [*On his knees.*

Spat. At the ſame price for every letter, he would have ſold a whole mail, my lord.

La Fr. Ayez pitié de moi! [*Holding up his hands.*

L. Fal. Betray the confidence I repoſed in you?

Spat. He offered me the letter of his own accord, my lord.

La Fr. No ſuch ting, *en verité, mi lor!*

Spat. Very true, I can aſſure your lordſhip.

L. Fal. Well, well; I ſhall chaſtiſe him at my leiſure. At preſent, Sir, do you return me my letter.

Spat.

Spat. I—I have it not about me, my lord.

L. Fal. Where is it, raſcal? tell me this inſtant, or——

La Fr. Lèdy Altón——

L. Fal [*To Spatter.*] What! has *ſhe* got it? ſpeak, firrah!

Spat. She has, indeed, my lord.

L. Fal. Are not you a couple of villains?

La Fr. Oui, mi lor. } *Both ſpeak at once.*
Spat. Yes, my lord! }

L. Fal. [*To Spatter.*] But hold, Sir! a word more with you! As you ſeem to be lady Alton's chief agent, I muſt deſire ſome further information from you.

Spat. Any thing in my power, my lord.

L. Fal. I can account for her knowledge of Amelia, by means of my letter: But how did ſhe diſcover Sir William Douglas?

Spat. I told her, my lord.

L. Fal. But how did you diſcover him yourſelf?

Spat. By liſtening, my lord.

L. Fal. By liſtening?

Spat. Yes, by liſtening, my lord! Let me but once be about a houſe, and I'll engage to clear it, like a ventilator, my lord. There is not a door to a ſingle apartment in this houſe, but I have planted my ear at the keyhole.

L. Fal.

L. Fal. And were theſe the means by which you procured your intelligence?

Spat. Yes, my lord.

L. Fal. Impoſſible.

Spat. Oh dear! nothing ſo eaſy; this is nothing at all, my lord! I have given an account of the plays in our journal, for three months together, without being nearer the ſtage than the pit-paſſage; and I have collected the debates of a whole ſeſſion, for the magazine, only by attending in the lobby.

L. Fal. Precious raſcal! Ha! who comes here? lady Alton herſelf again, as I live!

Spat. [*Apart.*] The devil ſhe is! I wiſh I was out of the houſe.

Enter Lady Alton.

L. Alt. What! ſtill here, my lord? ſtill witneſſing to your own ſhame, and the juſtice of my reſentment?

L. Fal. Yes, I am ſtill here, madam; and ſorry to be made a witneſs of your cruelty and meanneſs; of your deſcending to arts, ſo much beneath your rank; and practices, ſo unworthy of your ſex.

L. Alt. You talk in riddles, my lord!

L. Fal. This gentleman ſhall explain them. Here, madam! here is the engine of your malice, the

the inſtrument of your vengeance, your prime miniſter, Mr. Spatter.

L. Alt. What have I to do with Mr. Spatter?

L. Fal. To do miſchief; to intercept letters, and break them open; to overhear private converſations, and betray them; to——

L. Alt. Have you laid any thing of this kind to my charge, Sir? [*To Spatter.*

Spat. I have been obliged to ſpeak the truth, though much againſt my will, indeed, madam.

L. Alt. The truth! thou father of lies, did ever any truth proceed from thee? What! is his lordſhip your new patron! A fit Mæcenas for thee, thou ſcandal to the *belles lettres!*

L. Fal. Your rage at this detection is but a freſh conviction of your guilt.

L. Alt. Do not triumph, monſter! you ſhall ſtill feel the ſuperiority I have over you. The object of your wiſhes is no longer under your protection; the officers of the government entered the houſe at the ſame time with myſelf, with a warrant to ſeize both Amelia and her father.

L. Fal. Confuſion! Are not they gone then? La France! villain, run, and bring me word!

La Fr. I go, mi lor! [*Exit.*

L. Alt. Do not flatter yourſelf with any hopes; they

they have not eſcaped; here they are, ſecured in proper hands.

L. Fal. Death and diſtraction! now I am completely miſerable.

Enter Sir William Douglas, Amelia, Owen, and Officers.

L. Alt. Yes, your miſery is complete indeed; and ſo ſhall be my revenge. Oh! your ſervant, madam! [*turning to Amelia*] You now ſee to what a condition your pride and obſtinacy have reduced you. Did not I bid you tremble at the conſequences?

Amelia. It was here alone that I was vulnerable. [*holding her father's hand.*] Oh, madam, [*turning to lady Alton*] by the virtues that ſhould adorn your rank, by the tenderneſs of your ſex, I conjure you, pity my diſtreſs! do but releaſe my father; and there are no conceſſions, however humiliating, which you may not exact from me.

L. Alt. Thoſe conceſſions now come too late, madam. If I were even inclined to relieve you, at preſent, it is not in my power. [*haughtily.*] Lord Falbridge perhaps may have more intereſt.

[*With a ſneer.*

L. Fal. Cruel, inſulting woman! [*to lady Alton.*]

Do

Do not alarm yourſelf, my Amelia! Do not be concerned, Sir! [*to Sir William.*] Your enemies ſhall ſtill be diſappointed. Altho' ignorant of your arrival, I have for ſome time paſt exerted all my intereſt in your favour, and by the mediation of thoſe ſtill more powerful, I do not deſpair of ſucceſs. Your caſe is truly a compaſſionate one; and in that breaſt, from which alone mercy can proceed, thank heaven, there is the greateſt reaſon to expect it.

Sir Will. I am obliged to you for your concern, Sir.

L. Fal. Oh, I owe you all this, and much more. —But this is no time to ſpeak of my offences, or repentance.

L. Alt. This is mere trifling. I thought you knew on what occaſion you came hither, Sir. [*To the Officer.*

Officer. Your reproof is too juſt, madam. I attend you, Sir. [*To Sir William.*

L. Fal. Hold! Let me prevail on you, Sir, [*to the officer*] to ſuffer them to remain here till to-morrow morning. I will anſwer for the conſequences.

Officer. Pardon me, my lord! we ſhould be happy to oblige you; but we muſt diſcharge the duty of our office.

L. Fal.

L. Fal. Diſtraction!

Sir Will. Come then! we follow you, Sir! Be comforted, my Amelia! for my ſake, be comforted! Wretched as I am, your anxiety ſhocks me more than my own misfortunes.

[*As they are going out, enter Freeport.*

Free. Heyday! what now! the officers here again! I thought we had ſatisfied you this morning. What is the meaning of all this?

Officer. This will inform you, Sir.

[*giving the warrant.*

Free. How's this? Let me ſee! [*reading.*] *This is to require you*—um, um—*the bodies of William Ford and Amelia Walton*—um, um—*ſuſpected perſons*—um, um—Well, well! I ſee what this is: but you will accept of bail, Sir?

Officer. No, Sir; this caſe is not bailable, and we have already been reprimanded for taking your recogniſance this morning.

Sir Will. Thou good man! I ſhall ever retain the moſt lively ſenſe of your behaviour; but your kind endeavours to preſerve the poor remainder of my proſcribed life are in vain. We muſt ſubmit to our deſtiny. [*All going.*

Free. Hold, hold! one word, I beſeech you, Sir! [*to the officer*] a minute or two will make no difference. Bail then, it ſeems, will not do, Sir?

Officer.

Officer. No, Sir.

Free. Well, well; then I have ſomething here that will, perhaps. [*Feeling in his pocket.*

L. Fal. How!

L. Alt. What does he mean?

Free. No, it is not there—It is in t'other pocket, I believe. Here, Sir William! [*producing a parchment.*] Aſk the gentlemen, if *that* will not do. —But firſt of all, read it yourſelf, and let us hear how you like the contents.

Sir Will. What do I ſee! [*opening and peruſing it.*] My pardon! the full and free pardon of my offences! Oh, heaven! and is it to you then, to you, Sir, that I owe all this?—Thus, thus let me ſhew my gratitude to my benefactor!

[*Falling at his feet.*

Free. Get up, get up, Sir William! Thank heaven, and the moſt gracious of monarchs. You have very little obligation to me, I promiſe you.

Amelia. My father reſtored! Then I am the happieſt of women.

L. Fal. A pardon! I am tranſported.

L. Alt. How's this? a pardon!

Free. Under the great ſeal, madam.

L. Alt. Confuſion! what! am I baffled at laſt, then? Am I diſappointed even of my revenge?—

Thou

Thou officious fool! [*to Freeport.*] May theſe wretches prove as great a torment to you, as they have been to me! As for thee, [*to lord Falbridge.*] thou perfidious monſter, may thy guilt prove thy puniſhment! May you obtain the unworthy union you deſire! May your wife prove as falſe to you, as you have been to me! May you be followed, like Oreſtes, with the furies of a guilty conſcience; find your error when it is too late; and die in all the horrors of deſpair! [*Exit.*

Free. There goes a woman of quality for you! What little actions, and what a great ſoul!—Ha! Maſter Spatter! where are you going?

[*To Spatter, who is ſneaking off.*

Spat. Following the muſe, Sir! [*pointing after lady Alton.*] But if you have any further commands, or his lordſhip ſhould have occaſion for me to write his epithalamium——

L. Fal. Peace, wretch! ſleep in a whole ſkin, and be thankful! I would ſolicit mercy myſelf, and have not leiſure to puniſh you. Begone, Sir!

Spat. I am obliged to your lordſhip.—This affair will make a good article for the Evening-Poſt to-night, however. [*Aſide, and exit.*

Sir Will. How happy has this reverſe of fortune made me!—But my ſurprize is almoſt equal to my joy.

joy. May we beg you, Sir, [*to Freeport.*] to inform us how your benevolence has effected what ſeems almoſt a miracle in my favour?

Free. In two words then, Sir William, this happy event is chiefly owing to your old friend, the late lord Brumpton.

Sir Will. Lord Brumpton!

Free. Yes; honeſt Owen there told me, that his lordſhip had been employed in ſoliciting your pardon. Did not you, Owen?

Owen. I did, Sir.

Free. Upon hearing that, and perceiving the danger you were in, I went immediately to the preſent lord Brumpton, who is a very honeſt fellow, and one of the oldeſt acquaintance I have in the world. He, at my inſtance, immediately made the neceſſary application; and gueſs how agreeably we were ſurpriſed, to hear that the late lord had already been ſucceſsful, and that the pardon had been made out, on the very morning of the day his lordſhip died. Away went I, as faſt as a pair of horſes could carry me, to fetch it; and ſhould certainly have prevented this laſt arreſt, if the warrant to apprehend you, as dangerous perſons, had not iſſued under your aſſumed names of William Ford and Amelia Walton, againſt whom the information

had been laid. But, however, it has only ſerved to prevent your running away, when the danger was over, for at preſent, Sir William, thank heaven and his majeſty, you are a whole man again; and you have nothing to do but to make a legal appearance, and to plead the pardon I have brought you, to abſolve you from all informations.

L. Fal. Thou honeſt excellent man! How happily have you ſupplied, what I failed to accompliſh!

Free. Ay, I heard that your lordſhip had been buſy.—You had more friends at court than one, Sir William, I promiſe you.

Sir Will. I am overwhelmed with my ſudden good fortune, and am poor even in thanks. Teach me, Mr. Freeport, teach me how to make ſome acknowledgment for your extraordinary generoſity!

Free. I'll tell you what, Sir William. Notwithſtanding your daughter's pride, I took a liking to her, the moment I ſaw her.

L. Fal. Ha! what's this?

Free. What's the matter, my lord?

L. Fal. Nothing. Go on, Sir!

Free. Why then, to confeſs the truth, I am afraid that my benevolence, which you have all been pleaſed to praiſe ſo highly, had ſome little leaven of ſelf-intereſt in it; and I was deſirous

to

to promote Amelia's happineſs more ways than one.

L. Fal. Then I am the vereſt wretch that ever exiſted.—But take her, Sir! for I muſt confeſs that you have deſerved her by your proceedings; and that I, fool and villain that I was, have forfeited her by mine. [*Going.*

Free. Hold, hold! one word before you go, if you pleaſe, my lord! You may kill yourſelf for aught I know, but you ſha'n't lay your death at my door, I promiſe you. I had a kindneſs for Amelia, I muſt confeſs; but in the courſe of my late negotiation for Sir William, hearing of your lordſhip's pretenſions, I dropt all thoughts of her. It is a maxim with me, to do good wherever I can, but always to abſtain from doing miſchief.—Now as I can't make the lady happy myſelf, I would fain put her into the hands of thoſe that can.—So, if you would oblige me, Sir William, let me join theſe two young folks together, [*joining their hands*] and do you ſay Amen to it.

Sir Will. With all my heart!—You can have no objection, Amelia. [*Amelia burſts into tears.*

L. Fal. How bitterly do thoſe tears reproach me! It ſhall be the whole buſineſs of my future life to atone for them.

Amelia. Your actions this day, and your ſolicitude for my father, have redeemed you in my good opinion! and the conſent of Sir William, ſeconded by ſo powerful an advocate as Mr. Freeport, cannot be contended with. Take my hand, my lord! a virtuous paſſion may inhabit the pureſt breaſt; and I am not aſhamed to confeſs, that I had conceived a partiality for you, till your own conduct turned my heart againſt you; and if my reſentment has given you any pain, when I conſider the occaſion, I muſt own that I cannot repent it.

L. Fal. Mention it no more, my love, I beſeech you! You may juſtly blame your lover, I confeſs; but I will never give you cauſe to complain of your huſband.

Free. I don't believe you will. I give you joy, my lord; I give you all joy! As for you, madam, [*to Amelia.*] do but ſhew the world that you can bear proſperity, as well as you have ſuſtained the ſhocks of adverſity, and there are few women, who may not wiſh to be an Amelia.

EPI-

EPILOGUE.

Written by DAVID GARRICK, Eſq.

Enter lady Alton in a paſſion; Spatter following.

Lady Alton.

I'LL hear no more, thou wretch!—Attend to reaſon!
A woman of my rank!—'Tis petty treaſon!
Hear reaſon, blockhead! Reaſon! What is that?
Bid me wear pattens, and a high-crown'd hat!
Won't you be gone?—what want you?—what's your view?

Spatter.

Humbly to ſerve the Tuneful Nine in you.——
I muſt invoke you——

Lady Alton.

I renounce ſuch things;
Not Phœbus now, but vengeance ſweeps the ſtrings;
My mind is diſcord all!—I ſcorn, deteſt
All human kind!—*you* more than all the reſt.

Spatter.

I humbly thank you, ma'am.—But weigh the matter.

Lady Alton.

I won't hear reaſon! and I hate you, Spatter!
Myſelf, and ev'ry thing——

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EPILOGUE.

Spatter.

That I deny;
You love a little miſchief; ſo do I;
And miſchief I have for you.——

Lady Alton.

How, where, when?
Will you ſtab Falbridge?

Spatter.

Yes, ma'am—with my pen.

Lady Alton.

Let looſe, my Spatter, till to death you've ſtung'em,
That green-ey'd monſter Jealouſy, among 'em.

Spatter.

To daſh at all, the ſpirit of my trade is,
Men, women, children, parſons, lords and ladies.—
There will be danger.

Lady Alton.

And there ſhall be pay.
Take my purſe, Spatter! [*Gives it him.*

Spatter. [*Smiles and takes it.*

In an honeſt way.

Lady Alton.

Should my lord beat you——

Spatter.

Let them laugh that win!
For all my bruiſes, here's *gold-beater's ſkin.*
[*Chinking the purſe.*

Lady

EPILOGUE.

Lady Alton.

Nay, ſhould he kill you——

Spatter.

Ma'am!

Lady Alton.

My kindneſs meant,
To pay your merit with a monument.

Spatter.

Your kindneſs, lady, takes away my breath;
We'll ſtop, with your good leave, on this ſide death.

Lady Alton.

Attack Amelia, both in verſe and proſe:
Your wit can make a nettle of a roſe.

Spatter.

A ſtinging-nettle for his lordſhip's breaſt;
And to my *ſtars* and *daſhes* leave the reſt.
I'll make 'em miſerable, never fear;
Pout in a month, and part in half a year.
I know my genius, and can truſt my plan;
I'll break a woman's heart with any man.

Lady Alton.

Thanks, thanks, dear Spatter! be ſevere, and bold!

Spatter.

No qualms of conſcience with a purſe of gold;
Tho' pill'ries threaten, and tho' crabſticks fall,
Yours are my heart, ſoul, pen, ears, bones, and all.

[*Exit Spatter.*

EPILOGUE.

Lady Alton alone.

Thus to the winds at once my cares I ſcatter—
Oh, 'tis a charming raſcal, this ſame Spatter!
His precious miſchief makes the ſtorm ſubſide!
My anger, thank my ſtars! all roſe from pride.
Pride ſhould belong to us alone of faſhion;
And let the mob take love, that vulgar paſſion!
Love, pity, tenderneſs, are only made
For poets, Abigails, and folks in trade;
Some cits about their *feelings* make a fuſs,
And ſome are better bred—who live with us;
How low lord Falbridge is!—He takes a wife,
To love, and cheriſh, and be fix'd for life!
Thinks marriage is a *comfortable* ſtate,
No pleaſure like a *vartuous tête-à-tete!*
Do our lords juſtice, for I would not wrong 'em,
There are not many ſuch poor ſouls among 'em.
Our turtles from the town will fly with ſpeed,
And I'll foretell the vulgar life they'll lead.
With love and eaſe grown fat, they face all weather,
And, farmers both, trudge arm in arm together:
Now view their ſtock, now in their nurs'ry prattle,
For ever with their children, or their cattle.
Like the dull mill-horſe in one round they keep;
They walk, talk, fondle, dine, and fall aſleep;
Their cuſtom always in the afternoon——
He bright as *Sol*, and ſhe *the chaſte full-moon!*

Wak'd

EPILOGUE.

Wak'd with their coffee, madam firſt begins,
She rubs her eyes, his lordſhip rubs his ſhins;
She ſips, and ſmirks;—"Next week's our wedding-
"day,
"Married ſeven years!—And ev'ry hour *(yawns)*
"more gay!"
"True, Emmy, (cries my lord)—the bleſſing lies,
"Our hearts in ev'ry thing *(yawns)* ſo ſympathize!
The day thus ſpent, my lord for muſick calls;
He thrums the baſs, to which my lady ſqualls;
The children join, which ſo delights theſe ninnies,
The brats ſeem all *Guarduccis—Lovatinis.*
—What means this qualm?—Why, ſure, while
I'm deſpiſing,
That vulgar paſſion Envy, is not riſing!
Oh, no!—Contempt is ſtruggling to burſt out:
I'll give it vent at lady Scalp'em's *route.*

THE MAN OF BUSINESS.

A

COMEDY.

First acted at the Theatre-Royal in Covent-Garden, on the 29th of January, 1774.

——*Mihi res, non me rebus submittere conor.* HOR.

TO THE HONOURABLE

CONSTANTINE JOHN PHIPPS.

SIR,

WERE the motives of dedication candidly acknowledged, perhaps it would appear that authors in general rather intend a compliment to their own vanity, than to that of their patrons. Patron, I flatter myſelf, will, in the preſent inſtance, appear to you too cold and diſtant an expreſſion; and though I entertain all due reſpect for ſuperior rank and ſituation, and am happy in ſeizing an opportunity of declaring to the world that I am honoured with the friendſhip of Mr. Phipps, yet never was there an epiſtle of this nature, in which mere vanity had a more inconſiderable ſhare; nor ſhould I be thus proud of proclaiming my affection for him, were I not convinced of his being poſſeſſed of qualities and accompliſhments that would diſtinguiſh and adorn the moſt humble, as well as the moſt elevated ſituation.

In

DEDICATION.

In the midſt of the moſt familiar intercourſe, I ſhould be loth to forfeit in any degree the partiality you are pleaſed to ſhew me, by the ſmalleſt appearance of flattery. But when I do but echo the voice of all thoſe who are acquainted with your publick or private character; when I barely obſerve, that in an age of the moſt unbounded diſſipation, you have devoted your time to the attainment of all uſeful and elegant knowledge; joining to the moſt amiable diſpoſition the moſt unſhaken integrity, as well as a thorough acquaintance with the conſtitution of your country, together with the moſt able and faithful diſcharge of the duties of your profeſſion—when I juſt faintly ſketch theſe outlines of your character, it will, I hope, rather be ſuppoſed that I preſume to hint to you what the world ſeems to expect from a young man of faſhion of ſo great promiſe, than that I mean to corrupt you, or degrade myſelf, by idle compliment and mean adulation.

Of the Comedy which I now preſent to you, I will venture to ſay but little. It is difficult for any man to ſpeak with a tolerable grace of himſelf, and literary performances ought to be their own recommendation; yet I will not ſcruple to confeſs, that if I thought it entirely deſpicable, I would not

ſolicit

ſolicit your acceptance of it. Three of the great writers, enumerated in the Prologue, Plautus, Terence, and Marmontel, have contributed to enrich it. A play lately exhibited on the French ſtage, the Deux Amis of M. Beaumarchais, alſo ſuggeſted ſome hints of the fable; but the traces of them in this Comedy are ſo little apparent, that if I did not thus acknowledge the ſources from which I have drawn, I queſtion if the ingenious author himſelf would be able to claim his own property.

Did I conceive that this play contained any paſſages unfavourable to liberty, more eſpecially the liberty of the preſs, you, Sir, would be one of the laſt perſons in the kingdom to whoſe protection I ſhould venture to recommend it. The liberty of the preſs is a moſt invaluable privilege; yet that liberty, like every other ſpecies of liberty, may be abuſed; and while it remains (as it is to be hoped it ever will remain) unreſtrained by law, the abuſe of it is more peculiarly the object of comedy; whoſe province it is, by wholeſome and general ſatire, to correct thoſe failings and enormities, of which the law takes no cogniſance. Better were it that thouſands and ten thouſands of ſuch inſignificant

nificant individuals as myſelf ſhould be maliciouſly ſlandered, than that ſacred right of Engliſhmen ſhould be violated or infringed: Yet who will juſtify the ſcandalous perſonalities (politicks entirely out of the queſtion) that diſgrace our newſpapers? It is not however ſufficient, it ſeems, to endure them patiently, without a wiſh to interrupt their progreſs, but the gentleſt retort is enough to ſet all Grub-ſtreet in an uproar; and the moſt good-humoured ridicule of theſe illuſtrious authors is an attack upon the liberty of the preſs!—A liberty which they are zealous to exerciſe in its fulleſt extent, without allowing any portion of it to their opponents; not conſidering that the chief benefit of the liberty of the preſs reſults from its being open to all, and affording a free examination of both ſides of every queſtion. The very liberty they take, however, they are not willing to give; like a ſcavenger I ſaw the other day in the ſtreet, who beſpattered every paſſenger with the contents of his mud-cart, but ſent a volley of curſes after a lady of quality, who happened to ſplaſh him as ſhe drove by in her chariot.

Having ſaid thus much of my Comedy, in vindication of the freedom I have uſed in inſcribing

it

it to you, I will not treſpaſs longer on your patience, than to repeat the ſatisfaction I feel in thus openly teſtifying my regard; and that I have the honour to be,

SIR,

Your moſt devoted, faithful,

And affectionate humble Servant,

GEORGE COLMAN.

PROLOGUE.

Spoken by Mr. WOODWARD.

Enter as an Author, with a manuſcript.

SEE here, good folks, how genius is abus'd!
A play of mine, the manager refus'd!
And why?—I knew the reaſon well enough——
Only to introduce his own damn'd ſtuff.
Oh! he's an arrogant, invidious elf,
Who hates all wit, and has no wit himſelf!
As to the plays on which he builds his fame,
Boaſting your praiſe, *we all know whence they came.*
Crown him with ivy, leaſt of Brentford kings!
For ſtill, like ivy, round ſome oak he clings.
Plays you have damn'd, their authors yet unknown,
Truſt me, good people, thoſe were all his own.
If his lame genius ever ſtood the teſt,
'Twas but a crutch'd noun adjective at beſt;
Or rather *expletive*, whoſe weak pretence
Occupies ſpace, but adds not to the ſenſe.
His lady-muſe, tho' puling, wan, and thin,
With green-room caudle all in ſtate lies-in;
His brats ſo ricketty, 'tis ſtill their curſe
To be ſwath'd, ſwaddled, and put out to nurſe;

Brought

Brought up on playhouſe pap, they waule and cry,
Crawl on the ſtage, or in convulſions die.
His play to-night, like all he ever wrote,
Is pie-ball'd, piec'd, and patch'd, like Joſeph's coat;
Made up of ſhreds from Plautus and Corneille,
Terence, Moliere, Voltaire, and Marmontel;
With rags from fifty others I might mention,
Which proves him dull and barren of invention:
But ſhall his nonſenſe hold the place of ſenſe?
No, damn him! damn him, in your own defence!
Elſe on your mercy will the dwarf preſume,
Nor e'er give giant Genius elbow-room.
Now, now, my friends, we've brought him to the ſtake;
Bait him! and then, perhaps, ſome ſport he'll make.
I've lin'd the houſe in front, above, below;
Friends, like dried figs, ſtuck cloſe in every row!
Some wits in ambuſh, in the gallery ſit;
Some form a critick phalanx in the pit;
Some ſcatter'd forces their ſhrill catcalls play,
And ſtrike the Tiny Scribbler with diſmay.
On then, my hearts! charge! fire! your triumph's certain
O'er his weak battery from behind the curtain!
To-morrow's Chronicle your deeds ſhall boaſt,
And loud *Te Deums* fill the Morning-Poſt.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

FABLE,	*Mr. Benſley.*
GOLDING,	*Mr. Shuter.*
BEVERLEY,	*Mr. Lewis.*
DENIER,	*Mr. Lewes.*
TROPICK,	*Mr. Woodward.*
CHECK,	*Mr. Quick.*
HANDY,	*Mr. Dyer.*
Lord RIOT,	*Mr. Davis.*
Sir HELTER SKELTER,	*Mr. Fox.*
Colonel RAKISH,	*Mr. Owenſon.*
SCANTY,	*Mr. Gardner.*
CAPIAS,	*Mr. Kniveton.*
SNAP,	*Mr. Thompſon.*
HAZARD,	*Mr. Cuſhing.*
CASH,	*Mr. Hamilton.*
Servant,	*Mr. Bates.*
Mrs. GOLDING,	*Mrs. Green.*
LYDIA,	*Mrs. Bulkley.*
Mrs. CARLTON,	*Mrs. Pitt.*
Mrs. FLOUNCE,	*Mrs. Helme.*

THE

THE MAN OF BUSINESS.

ACT I.

An apartment in Golding's houſe.

Enter Fable and Mrs. Golding.

(She in a fancy dreſs, with a maſk in her hand.)

Fable.

MADAM, madam, I tell you he is a coxcomb—an arrant coxcomb, Mrs. Golding.

Mrs. Gold. He is a gentleman—thoroughly the gentleman, Mr. Fable.

Fable. Yes, a modern gentleman—a fine gentleman—a race of puppies more pernicious to this country than a breed of wolves would have been. —A mongrel puppy too; on a wrong ſcent after pleaſure; in chaſe of the faſhion, but for ever at fault; with vanity in view, and ridicule for a whipper-in.

Mrs. Gold. Well, well, Mr. Fable, it does not

ſignify talking. You know, you and I could never agree on this matter. I was always for my kinſman's keeping the very beſt company; and, for my part, I ſee no great difference between him and his friends of quality—Nay, indeed, mongrel, as you are pleaſed to call him, Sir, the advantage is rather on his ſide: He has money without rank, and many of them have rank without money. If Beverley has great goings-out, he has great coming-in too; while they keep fine houſes, flaming equipages, and great tables, out of nothing at all.

Fable. For which very reaſon, Mrs. Golding, he is not upon even terms with them. What has a man of buſineſs to do with men of pleaſure? Why is a young banker to live with young noblemen?

Mrs. Golding. And why not, Mr. Fable? Is not the buſineſs of the houſe carried on at the polite end of the town? Does not he live in the very centre of perſons of faſhion? And has not he conſtant dealings with them?—Not ſhut up in Lombard-ſtreet—within the ſound of Bow-bell, or in ſight of the Monument—not cramming turtle and veniſon at the King's Arms, or the London-Tavern—but balloted into the Macaroni, and a member of the Sçavoir Vivre.

Fable. So much the worſe—ſo much the worſe, Mrs.

Mrs. Golding! His father, who was the firm of the houſe, eſtabliſhed the credit of it by decency and ſobriety: But dying while Beverley was very young, your huſband, Mr. Golding, was received into the partnerſhip as a man of experience, capable of carrying on the buſineſs to more advantage. He, you know, is now abſent on neceſſary buſineſs abroad. In the mean time, I am left a kind of guardian to Beverley, and have the ſuperintendance of his affairs—And what account ſhall I be likely to give of them, when inſtead of making money after the example of his father, he is intent on nothing but ſpending it? Horſes at Newmarket, hounds at Bagſhot, a villa, a miſtreſs, play, and a round of diſſipation among hair-brain'd ſpendthrifts, waſting their conſtitutions before they arrive at maturity, ſpending their fortunes before they come to them, granting annuities to eat up their eſtates, or living upon the ſale of poſt-obits and reverſions!—There, madam, there's a picture of a genteel young banker at the [redacted] the town for you; drawn from the life, and coloured after nature! how do you like it, madam?

Mrs. Gold. A frightful caricature, Mr. Fable! your deſcriptions are juſt the reverſe of that ſweet

flower of a man, the auctioneer, over the way. His ſtile is enchanting and delicate, elegant as the *or moulu*, or Derbyſhire petrifications, he ſets to ſale, and ſoft as the pencil of Guido, Raphael, or Correggio! Your pictures may be taken from nature; but they are dark!—dark as the landſcapes of Pouſſin, and wild, and horrible as the views of Salvator Roſa.

Fable. Madam, madam! it is theſe affected airs, madam, that pervert your underſtanding, and make you blind to the danger of your kinſman.—He is in imminent danger of ruin, madam; which will fall upon him, if ſomething is not ſpeedily done to prevent it.

Mrs. Gold. And what would you have me do, Mr. Fable? All I ſay is, that good company is a very good thing, and genteel connections can never do my kinſman any miſchief; and if I had been miſtreſs, I never would have reſted till I had got him into parliament.

Fable. Into parliament!—into jail, madam, is not he at expence enough——

Mrs. Gold. Expence! Lord, lord! this is a point of œconomy, Sir. Why he would ſave above double the charge of bringing him into the houſe by the mere poſtage of letters.—Sir Geoffry Kilderkin

derkin got himſelf elected for no other purpoſe.—My kinſman too would frank himſelf whole again.—And then I am ſure he would make an admirable figure in a debate.—Oh, how it would have delighted me to have ſat among the ladies in the gallery of the houſe—to have ſeen him upon his feet, his whole perſon hanging over his right leg, his right arm ſwinging to and fro like a pendulum, and his tongue running down like a larum!

Fable. So, ſo! you, I fear, are too far gone for wholeſome counſel. Beverley, I hope, is not quite incorrigible, and ſome good may be done upon him. Good morrow to you, madam! I have buſineſs. Good day, madam.

Mrs. Gold. Good night, if you please, Sir. You may be juſt up, but I have the habit to bed yet, being (as you ſee) but juſt come from the Pantheon. The maſquerade began to grow thin; but my kinſman, who was there, is not come home yet, and may not return for ſome time perhaps—ſo, once more, good night, good Mr. Fable! I'll endeavour to recruit my ſpirits from the fatigue of the pleaſures of the night, and leave you to the buſineſs of the day. Your ſervant, Sir. [*Exit.*

Fable

Fable alone.

Your ſervant, madam!—A weak woman! incapable indeed of ſwaying the mind of Beverley by her advice, but ſtill ſerving to countenance his follies by her example. But now to the buſineſs of the day, as ſhe ſays!—A ſerious day it will appear to the young gentleman, I fancy. But it is high time to make him ſerious. I'll juſt allow him a ſhort interval to ſleep off his maſquerade, and then wake him from his dream of folly to a ſenſe of his true ſituation.

Enter Check.

Fable. Good morrow, Check!

Check. Good morrow to your honour! The ſhop is juſt opened and ſprinkled. I am going to the counting-[illegible].

Fable. That's right, Check. Regularity and punctuality are the life of buſineſs.

Check. The life and ſoul, Sir. I have always found them ſo. Always exact myſelf, I can anſwer —always preciſe to a ſecond! and as true to my time as the men that ſtrike the quarters at St. Dunſtan's. Ha, ha!

Fable. You're merry, Check!

Check. Ah! I wiſh I had cauſe, Sir. Another great

great houſe in the city ſtopt payment yeſterday, and a large ſum ſubſcribed to prop the credit of another. Sad times, Mr. Fable!

Fable. Sad times! ſad men, honeſt Check. Men make the times.

Check. Very true, very true, Sir. Ah, one need not go far from home to know that, Sir. In poor old Mr. Beverley's time, when we carried on buſineſs in Threadneedle-ſtreet, thoſe were days, Mr. Fable! I wiſh we were on the other ſide of Temple-bar, again!

Fable. No, no; you are right juſt where you are, friend. The two ſides of Temple-bar have changed hands, Check. The gay, ſmart, airy ſparks of the weſt-end of the town, have all taken to buſineſs, and are turned ſheriffs and aldermen; and the merchants, bankers, and tradeſmen, are your principal perſons of pleaſure now-a-days.

Check. Ah, I am afraid ſo. Here's a houſe, forſooth! my old lady always entertaining company at home, and my young maſter always abroad: night turned into day, and day turned into night! It was not ſo in my old maſter's time. Never out of the regular channel; ſure and moderate profit; quiet, ſober living; a plain joint and a pudding on week-days, and, perhaps, two joints and two puddings on Sunday!

Fable.

Fable. Nay, nay, don't be melancholy, Check. You may live to ſee two puddings on table again, perhaps.

Check. We have no hopes but in you, Mr. Fable; no hope but in you, Sir! Every thing would go to wreck and ruin, if it was not for you, Sir.

Fable. Come, come; cheer up, honeſt Check! your young maſter will take up ſhortly. He has a good heart, and a good underſtanding.

Check. I wiſh he would make leſs uſe of his heart, and more of his underſtanding, Sir. He is as generous as a prince, and he thinks all his acquaintance as honeſt and generous as himſelf. Let him mind his friend, Mr. Denier, Sir. There's a young man for you! merry and wiſe, I warrant him! He knows that a ſhilling is a ſerious thing; that a penny [illegible] penny got; and two and two make four, Sir.

Fable. Beverley will find it out at laſt, Check.—Have you prepared the books and papers as I directed you?

Check. I have, Sir.

Fable. Very well. Let them be ready for inſpection this very morning; and tell Mr. Beverley I am gone to the Bank; but deſire he would not be out of the way at my return, as I have ſomething

thing of conſequence to ſay to him. Good morrow, Check!

Check. Good morrow to your honour! I ſhall be ſure to let Mr. Beverley know, Sir.

[*Exit Fable.*

Oh, here comes his *gentleman*, as they call him. wiſh there was not ſuch a gentleman within the bills of mortality.

Enter Handy.

Good morrow to you, Mr. Handy! Good morrow!

Handy. What! my old Rule of Three! are you there? Good morrow to you!

Check. Mr. Beverley is not up yet, I ſuppoſe.

Handy. Then you ſuppoſe wrong, old Thread-needle! He is up, I aſſure you.

Check. Indeed! why he is more early than ordinary, Mr. Handy.

Handy. Much later than ordinary, maſter Check. He has not been to bed yet.

Check. Mercy on me! paſt eight in the morning, and not gone to bed yet!

Handy. No, he's not come home from the maſquerade.

Check. The maſquerade! Oh, now you have accounted for it.

Handy.

Handy. Yes, I had ſome thoughts of being at the Pantheon myſelf; but——

Check. What! at the ſixpenny Pantheon at Iſlington, Mr. Handy?

Handy. Sixpenny Pantheon! 'Sdeath, what d'ye mean, Sir? do ye take me for a little ſhop-keeping mechanick, or one of your dapper city clerks, that draws his pen from under his ear in the evening, to go and drink tea at Bagnigge-Wells or Dobney's Bowling-Green? No, Sir; let me tell you, I frequent no diverſions but thoſe of perſons of quality. Plays now and then, operas twice a week, and maſquerades whenever there are any.—A lady of my particular acquaintance—of the firſt faſhion I aſſure you, old gentleman,—had provided me a ticket, and a domino, with a ſmart hat and feather, and diamond button and loop to it.—But, as the devil would have it, my lord du—zounds, what was I ſaying?—Her huſband, I ſay, happening to come in at an unfortunate moment, ſaw the dreſs lying in her apartment. My lady—a deviliſh clever woman, upon my ſoul! turned it off with a laugh, and told him ſhe had provided them on purpoſe for him, in order to ſurpriſe him with a piece of conjugal gallantry. So away they went to the Pantheon together, and I was obliged to amuſe myſelf with another woman of quality, who kept houſe

houſe all the evening, to conſole myſelf for my diſappointment.

Check. You imagine I have a large portion of faith, I believe, Mr. Handy.

Handy. Faith!—Why, have I offered to borrow any money of you, you old multiplication-table? Eh?

Check. You have not taken that liberty with me, becauſe you knew I would lend you none: but you are rather too familiar with your betters, methinks.

Handy. They are familiar with us, and encourage familiarities on our ſide.—Nay, if you would follow my advice, I would engage to make a fortune even for you, old Methuſalem!

Check. For me, Mr. Handy?

Handy. Ay, for you, old boy! What do you think now of making love to Mrs. Golding? Her huſband's abroad, you know. Intrigues are the mode, and ſhe loves to be in the faſhion.—Devil take me, if I don't think ſhe and you would make an excellent *tête-à-tête*.—Shalum and Hilpa! Eh, my old antediluvian?

Check. A truce with your wit, good Mr. Handy! and pleaſe to let your maſter know, that Mr. Fable deſires to ſee him on ſome particular buſineſs, as

ſoon

ſoon as he is ſtirring,—which, perhaps, may be about dinner-time.

Handy. What! Do you pretend to joke too? Pounds, ſhillings, and pence,—you had beſt ſtick to that, old gentleman.

Check. They won't ſtick to you long, I am afraid, young gentleman. Ha, ha!

Handy. Again! You are trying to copy after old maſter Fable, I warrant you.—A ſly, dry, queer old buck, that Mr. Fable! He don't much approve of our proceedings, I believe. The people call my maſter the Macaroni Banker, he ſays. [*Laugh heard*] —Gadſo! yonder my maſter comes, faith——— and along with him his boſom friend, Mr. Denier —a ſnake in his boſom too, if I am not miſtaken. I never could endure that ſhrewd ſpark ſince I heard him upon the ſubject of vails—which he never gives to other people's ſervants; but, for fear of raiſing the wages at home, ſuffers them to be taken by his own. A young curmudgeon! worſe than a liquoriſh old dotard, if poſſible. What ſay you, Grandſire?—[*laugh again*]—But, huſh, they are here.—Now you may deliver your errand to him yourſelf, old gentleman.

[*Check and Handy retire a little.*

Enter

Enter Beverley and Denier. (Beverley in a domino; Denier alſo in a maſquerade dreſs.)

Bev. Support a character at a maſquerade! Abſurd and ridiculous! and a vulgar idea too, that never entered the head of a gentleman.

Denier. Oh, my habit gave me no trouble of that ſort; yet I did not wear it from choice, but from convenience. One of the managers of Covent-Garden theatre—for there are about five and forty of them, you know—lent me the dreſs; and I don't ſee why I ſhould be expected to ſupport a character in it any more than thoſe who uſually wear it.—Eh, Beverley?

Bev. No, to be ſure. They who ſay the ſofteſt things, and ſucceed moſt with the women, enter into the ſpirit and genius of the place the moſt happily. Gallantry and intrigue, not wit and humour, are the objects of a maſquerade.

Denier. I beg your pardon, Beverley. I know more than one or two profeſſed jokers, that rehearſe their parts for a fortnight before-hand, and write down all the good things they ſhall ſay; but, as ill luck will have it, for want of courage and opportunity, never utter one of them; and yet, reſolving they ſhall not be loſt to the world, ſend them, ready cut and dry, to the news-papers, as having

having been their extempore ſallies and maſquerade pleaſantries.

Bev. Oh, I know the little haberdaſhers of ſmall wit; I know them, Denier, and thank you for your deſcription of them.—But who the deuce was that very elegant-looking woman that lord Robert Sprightly ſtuck ſo cloſe to for moſt part of the evening? I have a ſtrong notion it was lady Sarah Brilliant—very like her figure! or Harriot Freelove—but her—ſhe's common, you know—her he would not have followed ſo warmly.—Oh, Check, are you there?—Handy too? [*Check and Handy come forward.*] Have you ſet my night-things in my bed-chamber?

Handy. They are all ready, Sir.

Bev. Did you preſent Sir John Squanderfield's notes for acceptance, Check?

Check. I did, Sir.

Bev. Any cards, Handy?—And were they good bills, Check?

Handy. The cards, tickets, and meſſages lie on your dreſſing-table, Sir.

Bev. Very well.—And were Sir John's notes duly accepted, Check?

Check. They ought to have been duly *proteſted*, Sir.—Not good bills—not worth a farthing, Sir.—I have not given him credit for them.

Bev.

Bev. Well, let him have due notice, d'ye hear, Check?—And do you call at the *Sçavoir*, and let them know that I ſhall dine there to-day, d'ye hear, Handy?—And do you come to me with the ſtate of Sir John's account, as ſoon as I am up, d'ye hear, Check?

Check. The account is ready, Sir; but Mr. Fable deſires to ſpeak with you as ſoon as you are up, Sir. He is gone into the city, but will return before you are ſtirring, and has particular buſineſs.

Bev. I ſhall be ready to attend him. Let me be called about one, d'ye hear, Handy?—I have nothing further to ſay to you at preſent, Check.

Check. Mighty well, Sir.

Bev. Handy, wait in my chamber.

Handy. I ſhall, Sir.

[*Exeunt Check and Handy ſeverally.*

Manent Beverley and Denier.

Bev. You'll dine with us at the *Sçavoir*, Denier?

Denier. That's impoſſible. Lady Quaver, who ſubſcribes to the opera, has lent her box to Mrs. Carlton and Lydia this evening, and I have promiſed to attend them; ſo we muſt make a ſhort early dinner at home. You will hardly riſe from table before the *finale*.

Bev. Time enough to ſee the Heinel walk over the courſe, perhaps: but the places of publick diverſion do keep moſt diſorderly hours, to be ſure. As to the play-houſes, I ſcarce ever attempt to peep into them. There is no getting a mouthful of tragedy or comedy, without balking one's appetite for every thing elſe. But Lydia is fond of plays too; and the little prude is ſo eager and punctual, ſhe is as ſure to be at the drawing-up of the curtain as if ſhe went to keep places.

Denier. Come, come, after all, you are very partial to my ward, Beverley. She is ſevere upon your gaiety, and you rally her prudery. You both think it worth while to find fault with each other; and that's a dreadful ſymptom, Beverley.

Bev. No, no; not ſo far gone as that neither. —The girl has ſome good natural qualities; but ſhe has not mixed with the world enough.—She is like one of our Engliſh coaches—made of good ſtuff, and not ill faſhion'd—but wants the high Paris varniſh, Denier.

Denier. I have a good mind to acquaint her with your compariſon.—She'll varniſh you till you appear like lord Ruſty's pictures—not much the better for it.——But, apropos to your ſimile,—after your coach has ſet you down to dinner in St. James's

James's Street, can you ſend it to carry us to the opera?

Bev. To be ſure. They are not put up yet. I'll give orders about it immediately.

Denier. Stay! Suppoſe it takes me home then; and I'll tell them your direction.—I ſhall hardly get a chair at this time in the morning.

Bev. Be it ſo. Good night to you.—But, Denier!

Denier. Well.

Bev. There is to be another maſquerade next week, at the Haymarket. Will you go?

Denier. No—hang it; next week is too ſoon for it.—So much of it makes it grow nauſeous.

Bev. It will be a genteel thing.

Denier. A genteel maſquerade!—Oh, that's the devil, Beverley. The company at a maſquerade ſhould be almoſt as various as the characters they repreſent.—Countеſſes and ſempſtreſſes, lords, aldermen, black-legs, and Oxonians.—Make your maſquerade too genteel, and it muſt be very dull, Beverley.

Bev. All the fine women in town will be there. It is to be given by the club at Arthur's. I can ſupply you with tickets.

Denier. Can you?—Well then—come, for once, I will go with you.

Bev. Now, if you could prevail on Lydia to go too——

Denier. No; ſhe won't take the Paris varniſh, Beverley.

Bev. I am ſorry for it. Then there's no hopes of her.

Denier. Poor Beverley! Adieu!

Bev. Poor Lydia, I ſay. I'll go to-bed, and dream of her reformation. Good night to you.

[*Exeunt ſeverally.*

ACT II.

Beverley's dreſſing-room. A writing-deſk and dreſſing-table, chairs, &c.

Bell rings two or three times violently; at length enter Handy, in a morning dreſs, rubbing his eyes.

Handy.

RING, ring, ring! The devil's in Mr. Beverley to-day, I think. He deſires to be waked about one or two, and is ready to pull the bells out of the pullies between eleven and twelve. [*Rings.*] Again! I'll be with you in a moment, Sir. [*Yawns.*] If

If he had been at deep play laſt night, I ſhould have thought his loſſes had diſturbed him—or, if he had been drinking, that his reſt was ſpoil'd with ſickneſs and head-ache.—But to come home ſober, and in good humour, and then drag one out of bed like a ſchool-boy, or an apprentice—[*Rings again.*] Well, well, I am coming—Stay till I can get to you, Sir. [*Going.*] Not he, faith—here he is—walking in his ſleep, for aught I know—for I am ſure, I am hardly awake yet. [*Yawning.*

Enter Beverley.

Bev. Oh, you are here, I ſee. I thought you were dead, Handy.

Handy. Dead aſleep, Sir. I had hardly got warm in bed, in my firſt doze, Sir.— [*Yawning.*

Bev. Come, come, my breakfaſt! I have no time for dozing and dreaming. To keep my engagements at night, I muſt diſpatch a good deal of buſineſs in the morning. [*Sits.*] Reach me that bundle of papers. [*Handy brings them from the deſk.*] I muſt anſwer theſe letters. Now chocolate, Handy; chocolate immediately!

Handy. [*Aſide.*] Whew! [*Exit yawning.*

Bev. [*Untying the bundle.*] Say what they will of your dull fellows and drudges, men of ſpirit are

your only perſons of diſpatch—diligent in their buſineſs for the ſake of getting rid of it—not working ſlowly, grub, grub, like a mole, but ſtraining to the goal like a racer.—Let me ſee, what have we here? [*Looking at one of the letters.*] Oh, a letter from Mr. Golding's old Quaker friend and correſpondent, Ephraim Quiet of Briſtol.

Re-enter Handy.

Handy. The chocolate, Sir.

Bev. Very well—Set it down, Handy—and tell Check to come to me with the account I ſpoke to him about, when I came home laſt night.

Handy. He's here already, Sir, and Mr. Fable too.

Enter Fable, attended by Check, with books and papers.

Bev. [*Riſing.*] Mr. Fable, your very humble ſervant.

Fable. Oh, your ſervant, your ſervant.—Are you ſure you have all the books and papers with you, Check?

Check. Very ſure, Sir.

Fable. And have you the inſtrument from my attorney?

Check. It is here, Sir.

Fable. And the balances of the ſeveral accounts are all right and exact?

Check.

Check. To the ſixteenth of a farthing, Sir; I have proved them again and again, Sir.

Fable. Very well. Lay them on the table then. I ſhall be with you preſently in the counting-houſe.

Check. You will be ſure to find me there, Sir.

[*Lays down books, &c. and exit.*

Fable. And now indulge me with a word or two in private, Mr. Beverley.

Bev. Pray be ſeated, Sir. Handy, wait in the antichamber.

Handy. I ſhall, Sir. [*Exit.*

Manent Fable and Beverley, ſitting.

Fable. [*After a ſhort pauſe.*] I am afraid I have broken in upon you rather abruptly, Mr. Beverley.

Bev. Not at all, Sir.

Fable. My buſineſs is preſſing, and I muſt be as abrupt in diſcloſing it.

Bev. Pray what is it, Sir?

Fable. I ſhould wish to adminiſter comfort, rather than to diſtreſs or ſurpriſe you; but there is no time for delicacies, or room for palliation.

Bev. You amaze me! What do you mean, Sir?

Fable. Don't be too much alarmed neither; don't let it totally diſcourage you. You are young, you know——

Bev.

Bev. Relieve me from ſuſpenſe, I beſeech you, Sir.

Fable. Nay, I can't ſay it is downright ruin neither.

Bev. Ruin, Mr. Fable!

Fable. No; not abſolutely. Your credit and character may be both a little ſhaken by it at firſt, indeed; but, with induſtry, thank Heaven, you will have time and opportunity to re-eſtabliſh them.

Bev. You keep me on the rack! Let me comprehend you. Be plain, Sir!

Fable. In a word then—what do you think of the failure of the houſe?

Bev. Sir!

Fable. Stopping payment?

Bev. Impoſſible!

Fable. Ten days ago I was of your opinion.—But thoſe papers, Mr. Beverley, among which are copies of the laſt letters from Mr. Golding, will convince you that the danger is imminent.

Bev. Why, why was I not more early appriſed of this, Mr. Fable?

Fable. You have a great deal on your hands, you know; and I did not care to interrupt your amuſements, or damp your vivacity, till I had examined and ſettled the ſtate of your affairs. I was in hopes,

hopes, indeed, matters had not been ſo deſperate. —But one misfortune is always accompanied by another, and another followed by more.—The inſurance not being done on the Speedwell and Thetis, owing to the miſcarriage of Mr. Golding's letters from Bengal; the wreck of both thoſe Indiamen, as well as Mr. Golding's other loſſes in India; the failure of the houſes at Amſterdam; the late run upon our own; and the bills we have accepted being ſo ſoon payable—are unlucky circumſtances, all concurring to perplex and embarras us.

Bev. And what—what's to be done then, Mr. Fable?

Fable. Oh, don't be too uneaſy! the ſhock is rather violent and ſudden, to be ſure; but I hope to extricate you with honour and reputation.

Bev. You revive me. By what means, Sir?

Fable. When you have look'd into the vouchers which Check has left with you, you will ſee the neceſſity of executing this inſtrument, conſtituting me your ſole truſtee and creditor; I having undertaken to ſatisfy every other claim and demand upon the houſe.—All that concerns me is, that, in order to come handſomely through this buſineſs, and to appear in earneſt to the world, we muſt exact ſome co-operation on your part, ſome little ſacrifices from you, Mr. Beverley.

Bev.

Bev. Sacrifices from me! what ſacrifices, Mr. Fable?

Fable. Not that I think they will affect you much, neither. I was happy, to be ſure, to ſee you keeping the very beſt company, making a figure on the turf, regularly attending the hunt, and entertaining handſomely both here, and at Wimbledon.—But people in buſineſs are liable to theſe accidents—and pleaſure, you know, muſt give way when preſſing exigencies require it. Put your horſes to ſale, part with your hounds, ſell your villa—and as a narrower plan of living, a ſyſtem of œconomy, will render all the plate and preſent furniture unneceſſary, I think it will be adviſeable to lett this houſe too. A ſmaller will ſerve to carry on the buſineſs.

Bev. Sell my horſes and hounds! part with my houſes! diſpoſe of my plate, Mr. Fable! ſurely this is being rather too precipitate. It ſhould be very maturely conſidered, whether we cannot ſmother theſe evils, without letting them burſt into a flame immediately.

Fable. That has been thoroughly conſidered, depend upon't—nay, I have already convened the capital creditors, and convinced them of the certainty of their demands being ſatisfied on the plan I have propoſed to you. They are perſuaded that the

the houſe will ultimately prove good and ſufficient, and have engaged to ſupport it. Some few indeed ſeemed to doubt your concurrence and perſeverance; but I (who think I know you better) undertook to anſwer for both. The truth is, you have no alternative.—The affair is publick by this time, and the eyes of the whole world are upon you.—But, courage, Beverley! you have youth, as I told you, and honour, and abilities: They are now put to the teſt, and I have no fear of your conduct. When you have finiſhed your breakfaſt, run your eye over the account, read Mr. Golding's laſt letters, examine the deed of truſt, and conſider what I have ſaid to you. Your ſervant! Good day to you! Your ſervant! [*Exit.*

Beverley alone.

What is all this? Veſſels uninſured! Failure of correſpondents! Letters from Mr. Golding! Loſſes in India! Sure our ſituation cannot be ſo bad as he has repreſented it.—Let me look into theſe writings! Let me examine this account!—Handy! —[*Sitting.*] The book of fate could ſcarcely be more dreadful to me than this maſs of papers.

Enter Handy.

Hand. Sir!

Bev.

Bev. What do you do here, raſcal! I am buſy. How dare you interrupt me?

Handy. I thought you had called, Sir.

Bev. Get out of the room, ſirrah, or I'll——

Handy. I beg your pardon, Sir. I am gone, Sir. —What the deuce is the matter with him this morning? [*Exit.*

Beverley alone.

What an unfeeling animal is a mere perſon of buſineſs! Mr. Fable has ſtunned me: I am thunder-ſtruck: And yet there was a ſerenity in his manner, a malicious calm in his countenance, that cut me to the ſoul—I am diſtracted—I can neither read, nor write, nor think.—Handy! Where are you, raſcal? [*Enter Handy.*] Why did not you take theſe things away, as I ordered you?

Handy. I thought you had not done breakfaſt, Sir.—A card from Sir Charles Eaſy, Sir. [*Giving it.*

Bev. Give me no cards, raſcal!

[*Throwing it away.*

Handy. The man waits for an anſwer, Sir.

Bev. I can ſend no anſwer. I'm ill, I'm buſy, I'm——I'll ſend an anſwer by-and-by—I'll ſend an anſwer by-and-by.

Handy. Very well. I'll let him know, Sir. [*Exit.*

Beverley

Beverley alone.

Let me ſee! let me collect my thoughts a little! Suppoſe I adviſe with Denier! ſuppoſe——

Enter Handy.

Handy. A letter, Sir!—requires no anſwer, they ſay. [*Exit.*

Beverley alone.

From Lucy! I know her hand. [*Looking at the ſuperſcription*] I muſt look into it; but what poor ſpirits have I at preſent to peruſe letters of gaiety! Her tenderneſs too—[*Opens and reads.*] What's this?

"Sir Harry Flutter has heard of your misfor-
"tunes, and convinced me that I ſhould be a bur-
"then to you. He has offered to be my friend;
"ſo adieu, Beverley! Your's, Lucy."

Confuſion!—the buſineſs is publick indeed then—But ſo ſoon to deſert me!—To be the caſt lover of a caſt miſtreſs to half the town? But let her go! let her go! an ungrateful jade! My friends will execrate her. All my numerous acquaintance will deſpiſe her. She'll be the ſcoff, the ſcorn of——

Enter Lord Riot, Sir Walter Shelter, Colonel Rakiſh, and Stanly.

L. Riot. Beverley!—why, what the devil is all this?

this? the whole town is talking of you. Is there any truth in this ſtory? You are undone, they ſay.

Bev. No; not undone, my lord.

Col. Rak. The St. James's Coffee-houſe is full of it; and Betty talks of nothing elſe.

Bev. Damnation!

Sir Helt. I was offered ten to one at the Cocoa-Tree, that you and all your partners would be in the Gazette next Saturday. Shall I take the odds, Beverley?

Bev. The houſe has not ſtopt payment, Sir!—Confuſion!

Scanty. No, no; not ſo bad as that—a little craſh, indeed—but I ſaid the houſe would not ſtop payment. I was always your friend, Mr. Beverley.

Bev. I am obliged to you, Sir.—Vexation!

Col. Rak. They ſay, old Golding has made a ſad hand of it in India. An old blockhead! What did he meddle for? Why, you could have ruined yourſelf faſt enough, without his aſſiſtance—Poor little Lucy too! ſhe'll be on the *pavée* again. I have half a mind to take compaſſion on her myſelf.—But ſhe's ſo curſed fond of Beverley, there would be no dependance on her.

L. Riot. Well, but, Beverley! Your place at Wimbledon is to be put up at auction, it ſeems.—

A-going,

A-going, a-going, a-going!—So we are to have no dinner there next Sunday, I ſuppoſe?

Bev. No, no, no, no, my lord! Diſtraction!

Sir Helt. As you'll part with that ſet of bay ponies, and the phaeton, I ſuppoſe, I wiſh you'd give me the refuſal. You ſhould think of your friends, Beverley.

Bev. Another time! another time, Sir!

L. Riot. Ay, I know we interrupt him. He is in the midſt of all his writings and accounts, you ſee. I ſhall be glad to ſee you, when you have leiſure. Good day to you, Beverley!

Sir Helt. } Adieu! adieu, Beverley!
Col. Rak. }

[*Exeunt L. Riot, Sir Helt. and Col. Rakiſh.*

Manent Scanty and Beverley.

Scanty. See what a ſet of waſhy-minded fellows theſe are now!—It is well you are rid of them. Did not I always warn you to be cautious of your company?

Bev. I thank you for your advice; but it diſtreſſes me at preſent, Sir.

Scanty. Well, well, I'll ſay no more then—I am glad to find matters not ſo bad as they have been reported. You'll keep your head above water

yet, I hope.—I juſt ſtaid to mention the affair of the twenty pounds you promiſed me, the laſt time I ſaw you.

Bev. This is not a time for affairs of that ſort, Sir.

Scanty. Well, well—I would not have mentioned it—but that laſt match at billiards was not quite ſettled, you know.

Bev. There, Sir—there's a bank-note of the value.—Now leave me, I beſeech you, Sir.

Scanty. Well, well,—I ſee you are buſy, and I will leave you—But for the future remember my counſel—ſtick to my advice—always be cautious in the choice of your company, Beverley! [*Exit.*

Beverley alone.

So, ſo, ſo, ſo!—This is *the world*, as they call it—A pack of hollow friends, and deſpicable acquaintance! How weak have I been, to give my heart to theſe wretches, who have ſouls incapable of mutual attachment! Callous to diſtreſs, and dead to the feelings of humanity!—How I long to ſee Denier! He is a true friend—frugal without avarice, and chearful without diſſipation. He would both adviſe and aſſiſt me.—He would preſently——

Enter

Enter Denier.

Ha, Denier! I was this moment wiſhing for you. You have heard, I ſuppoſe!

Denier. I have, I have, Beverley; and ran to you immediately—though I had particular buſineſs in the city too this morning—but a friend has promiſed to tranſact it for me. How are you, Beverley?

Bev. What a blow, my friend! From whom had you the firſt news of it?

Denier. From Mr. Fable himſelf. He came to me on my own affairs, as well as about a large remittance which he has juſt received on account of Lydia.

Bev. Lydia!—Oh, Denier!—Lydia! [*Sighing.*]—a large remittance, did you ſay?

Denier. Yes, from her friends in India, who conſigned her to our family. A very conſiderable remittance, indeed! But Mr. Fable is made truſtee, I find. They treat her as the court of Chancery does a lunatick. We are committees of her perſon, and Mr. Fable committee of the eſtate.

Bev. Excuſe me, Denier! but the very ſhadow of mirth is at preſent unſeaſonable. I am glad, however, that Lydia is likely to be ſo amply provided for. [*Sighing.*

Denier. So am I: and I am glad too that you have always profeſſed ſo total an indifference about her; as a diſappointment from any reverſe of fortune, in caſe you had fixed your affections on her, would have been an additional mortification.—But, Beverley!

Bev. My friend!

Denier. You are convinced, I believe, of the truth of my regard for you.

Bev. I never doubted it.

Denier. That I have the moſt affectionate friendſhip for you.

Bev. I am ſure of it.

Denier. You don't imagine me capable of propoſing any thing that might be diſagreeable to you?

Bev. The laſt man on earth I ſhould ſuſpect of it.

Denier. I think too, on your part, Beverley, that you would not, from a mere point of delicacy, oppoſe or repine at my happineſs, if it did not interfere with your own.

Bev. No, to be ſure, I ſhould not. But what is all this? Explain.

Denier. You muſt know then, Beverley, that I began very early to be captivated with Lydia.

Bev. Eh!

Denier.

Denier. But fancying you entertained a partiality for her, I ſmothered my inclination out of friendſhip for you. But as you meant only ſuperficial gallantry, I now wiſh to make her ſerious propoſals.

Bev. Propoſals to Lydia?

Denier. Yes, propoſals of marriage; and indeed it ſeems almoſt to have been the wiſh of her friends to bring about ſuch an alliance, by placing her in our family.

Bev. That's true—that did not occur to me at firſt, I confeſs—ſhe too, I ſuppoſe, has given you ſome hopes—I wiſh you happy—I wiſh you—I wiſh you a great deal of happineſs, Mr. Denier.

[*Diſordered.*

Denier. Thank you, my dear friend, thank you! —But come, come, Beverley! Mr. Fable's news has quite diſheartened you. We muſt not ſee you too much caſt down, neither. This is but a cloud. You will break out again with double ſplendor preſently.—Can I be of any ſervice to you? Shall I look into your papers—and examine your accounts?

Bev. Not at preſent, I am obliged to you—not at preſent, Mr. Denier.

Denier. Oh, I had forgot. All my money is locked up; But if you ſhould want a purchaſer for

the Beverley eſtate, on that occaſion, I dare ſay, my friends would ſupply me. You may always command me, you know.

Bev. I know it. I am obliged to you.

Denier. Let me ſee! [*Looking at his watch.*] It is not ſo late as I thought it was—that Solomon is a puzzling, ſtupid, old fellow—I had better go up to the Alley, and look after the buſineſs myſelf, I believe—unleſs I could be of any uſe to you by ſtaying here, Beverley.

Bev. Not in the leaſt. I beg I mayn't hinder you.

Denier. Good day to you then! I can turn an eighth, I dare ſay, this morning. Good day, Beverley! [*Exit.*

Beverley alone.

Now am I completely miſerable. Fool, ideot, that I have been! to trifle with a delicate female heart—to trifle with my own!—Oh, Lydia! I am now, for the firſt time, thoroughly ſenſible of my affection for you;—and now to diſcover it, only to add to my wretchedneſs! Diſtraction!—Denier too ſeems to wear a different aſpect—at leaſt my imagination, jaundiced by my misfortunes, paints him of another colour.—But Lydia! after the impertinence of my former behaviour, how deſpicable muſt I appear to her! What a humiliating diſtance has

has fortune now thrown between us!—Mrs. Golding here? New torture! Ha! Lydia with her! Oh, my heart! how ſhall I look up to her!

Enter Mrs. Golding (in a morning diſhabille.)

Mrs. Gold. Nay, come in, child! pray come in! I muſt ſpeak to poor Beverley. Come in, Miſs Lydia, I beg of you [*Beverley runs to the door and introduces Lydia*]—Ay, take care of her, kinſman! She is a delicate ſoul, and as much ſhocked as if ſhe were your ſiſter.—But, for Heaven's ſake, child, what is this rigmarole ſtory that Mr. Fable has diſtracted us about?

Bev. A very ſerious affair, indeed, madam.

Mrs. Gold. Serious! he's always ſerious, I think—preaching, preaching, for ever preaching! Like lady Tott'nam, that builds all the Methodiſt chapels.—But it's a ſtrange thing Mr. Golding ſhould never write me word of all this buſineſs.

Bev. I have not yet examined the proofs; but dare ſay, Mr. Fable has juſt grounds for his proceedings.

Mrs. Gold. Lord, lord! how this breaks into all my arrangements! The glaſs over my dreſſing-room chimney-piece is ſtuck round with cards, one upon another—I am promiſed the whole town over

for theſe three months. But it's no matter—they'll be the death of me—ſo it don't ſignify.

[*Throws herſelf into a chair.*

Bev. We muſt look forward, madam. The proſpect is a little gloomy at preſent, but promiſes to clear again. No endeavours ſhall be wanting on my part.

Mrs. Gold. No, I dare ſay. You were always a good creature—a great favourite of mine, you know, always—But I can't tell what poſſeſſed them to make you a Man of Buſineſs. If they had been ruled by me, they would have put you into the guards. You would have made a ſweet figure in a regimental: Would not he, Lydia? And then you'd have had as little to do as Colonel Parade or Captain Gilliflower. But I'll look into the red book—the only book worth looking into—and ſee if we can't uſe our intereſt to get you ſome little ſnug ſinecure—a commiſſioner of trade, perhaps, or a lord of the admiralty.

Bev. I begin to feel we have no dependence but on ourſelves, madam.

Mrs. Gold. Well, well—may-be not, kinſman—and yet we have a very genteel ſet of acquaintance.—But, mercy on me, what a figure do I make, if any body ſhould call, in this muſlin ſhade,

ſhade, and queen's night-cap! Lydia, my dear! let me leave you here a minute or two, while I ſhuffle on my things—and then come to me in my dreſſing-room. Your converſation is better than hartſhorn or lavender. Poor Beverley here looks as diſmal, as young lady Grizzle on her marriage with old Sir Solomon. [*Exit.*

Manent Beverley and Lydia.

[*They remain ſome time ſilent.*]

Bev. Excuſe me, madam, if I venture to expreſs how deeply I am ſenſible of your appearing to be affected by my misfortunes: And yet I cannot but confeſs that I feel your compaſſion almoſt as painfully as a reproach—for I am conſcious I have not deſerved it.

Lydia. Touched as I am with the reverſe of your ſituation, Mr. Beverley, I will not diſſemble to you that I am pleaſed with the change in your behaviour.

Bev. Still, ſtill, this very approbation ſerves to reproach me with the impropriety of my late conduct towards you. I feel it; I requeſt your forgiveneſs of it; and ſhould be happy to paſs the reſt of my life in endeavouring to atone it.

Lydia. Make no apologies to me, Mr. Beverley; I have

I have no right to expect them, nor has your conduct rendered them neceſſary. Moſt young gentlemen who pique themſelves on their knowledge of the world, act much in the ſame manner as you behaved to me.

Bev. It is too true; but it is not the ſwarm of coxcombs that renders them leſs impertinent or troubleſome. I ought not to have adopted their contemptuous airs, without being maſter alſo of their tame inſenſibility; yet I had youth to plead in excuſe for my vanities; and I flatter myſelf, that time and reflection—and another motive, that diſtracts me when I think of it—might have rendered me an object leſs unworthy your compaſſion. Calamity has torn the veil from my eyes, and I now ſee, but too plainly, not only your excellence, but my own imperfections.

Lydia. Calamity is a ſevere maſter, yet amendment can ſcarce be purchaſed too dearly: And as your errors have been venial, your diſtreſs may be but tranſient; nay, may, perhaps, at laſt be the means of your happineſs.

Bev. Impoſſible! impoſſible! However I may be reſtored to affluence, I can never, never taſte of happineſs. I have thrown away—perhaps wantonly too—I have thrown away the jewel that ſhould

ſhould have been the pride and bleſſing of my life. —Oh, Lydia! the feelings of worldly diſtreſs are nothing to the agonies of a deſpairing affection. My ſituation extorts from me what I have hitherto endeavoured to conceal, even from myſelf. I love you—I feel I long have loved you—though wretch and fool enough to be almoſt aſhamed of a paſſion in which I ought to have gloried. I am now puniſhed for it—heaven knows, ſeverely puniſhed —perhaps too ſeverely—by loſing the very hopes of ever obtaining you.

Lydia. Do not run from one dangerous extreme to another, Mr. Beverley; but guard againſt deſpondency, as well as vanity and preſumption. I ſee you are much agitated, much dejected; and what it would, perhaps, have been dangerous and unpardonable to have owned to you but yeſterday, to-day I ſhall not ſcruple to declare. Hurried away, as you were, by a torrent of faſhionable vanities, and the poor ambition of keeping high company, I thought I could diſcern in your mind and diſpoſition no mean underſtanding, nor ungenerous principles—too good for the aſſociates you had ſelected, and too ſuſceptible not to be in danger from ſuch ſociety. It is no wonder, therefore, if I felt any growing partiality for you, that I endeavoured to reſtrain it.

Bev. To reſtrain it! Say rather, to extinguiſh it. —Oh, I now perceive all my wretchedneſs.—But, to be ſupplanted by my boſom-friend! by Denier!

Lydia. I am at a loſs to comprehend you.

Bev. He confeſſed to me his paſſion for you but this very morning—not an hour ago, he declared to me his intention of making you ſerious propoſals.

Lydia. Such propoſals would be ſure of being rejected—rejected with the utmoſt indignation.

Bev. What do I hear? May I ſtill hope then? And are you reſolved not to liſten to his addreſſes?

Lydia. I am too well acquainted with his character. His manners, indeed, are lively, and his worldly turn enables him to work himſelf into the friendſhip of others; eſpecially, thoſe like yourſelf, Mr. Beverley—of an undeſigning open-hearted character—in order to avail himſelf of their foibles, promote his intereſt, and gratify his penury. Rely not too ſecurely on the warmth of his profeſſions! Steady to no point but his intereſt, you will find him ſhifting in his conduct, according to the revolutions in your fortune. He ſeemed at firſt deſirous to unite me to you; but now, hearing, I ſuppoſe, of the alteration in your circumſtances, and the late remittances in my favour, it is perfectly

fectly agreeable to his ſentiments, to endeavour to ſupplant you. As yet, however, he has made me no overtures.

Bev. So far then, at leaſt, he is not unfaithful. But, oh, my Lydia! may I interpret your repugnance to his addreſſes as an argument in my favour?

Lydia. I have already frankly declared my opinion of your character. It now remains with you to prove the truth of that opinion, and to determine my reſolution accordingly. Do but bear up againſt adverſity, ſo as to ſhew yourſelf equal to the poſſible return of proſperity—a trial, perhaps, ten times more dangerous—and be aſſured, Mr. Beverley, that, with the approbation of my friends, I ſhall be happy to give every proof of my eſteem for ſo valuable a character.

Bev. My deareſt Lydia! [*kiſſing her hand*] Modeſt, amiable Lydia! When you avow eſteem, let me preſume to conſtrue it affection! Oh, Lydia, you have made me fond of my misfortunes. Eaſe and affluence corrupted me, and had ſo weakened and enervated my mind, that the rough ſtroke of adverſity would have ſtunned me beyond the power of recovery, had not your gentle hand raiſed me to the hope of happineſs. Take your pupil,

pupil, Lydia; and render him—for you only can effect it—oh, render him worthy of ſo dear, ſo exquiſite a monitreſs! [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

An Apartment in Golding's Houſe.

Enter Servant, ſhewing in Tropick.

Servant.

WHAT muſt I ſay to Mr. Fable, Sir?

Trop. Only let him know that his old friend, Mr. Tropick, the ſhip's huſband, deſires to ſpeak with him.

Serv. I ſhall, Sir. [*Exit.*

Tropick alone.

Yes, I ſhall ſpeak to him—and pretty roundly too, I believe.—What times we live in! No morals, no order, no decency! Barefaced villainy at one end of the town, and villainy in a maſk at the other!—But my old friend here a hypocrite! I ſhould almoſt as ſoon have miſtruſted myſelf. It is an unthankful office to give advice and reproof; but it is the duty, as well as privilege, of thoſe who have been long acquainted with each other,

to

to let an old friend know, that all the world thinks him a ſcoundrel.—Oh, here he is. I'll give it him—I'll lecture him—I'll——

Enter Fable.

Fable. Ha! my old friend, Tropick! How are you? how do you?

Trop. Well, very well.

Fable. I am glad on't; I rejoice to ſee you.

Trop. May be ſo, may be ſo.

Fable. And your family?—All well, I hope.

Trop. All very well.

Fable. And the young ſupercargo?—How does he go on?

Trop. Mighty well, mighty well.

Fable. Excellent!——And his elder brother, that was placed at Madraſs, is he removed to Bengal yet, as he propoſed?

Trop. He is, he is; but——

Fable. That's right: Madraſs for health, Bengal for wealth!—that's the maxim there, you know.

Trop. Very true, very true; but——

Fable. And Mrs. Tropick too—How is ſhe? How is your wife?

Trop. Pſhaw! let my wife alone! I want to ſpeak with you, old Fable; I want to ſpeak with you.

Fable.

Fable. Well; why don't you then?

Trop. Becauſe you hinder me. You ſtop my mouth with enquiries, and won't let me ſqueeze in a ſyllable edgeways—A plague of your queſtions!

Fable. Well, ſpeak. I am all attention. What have you to ſay to me?

Trop. Have you a friend or acquaintance in the world?

Fable. I think ſo; ſome few true friends, many more very ſuſpicious, and a number of common acquaintance.

Trop. And do you expect to keep one, that has common ſenſe or common honeſty, for the future?

Fable. Yes;—and yourſelf in particular.—But what's the matter? If you think I have done any thing wrong, it would be but friendly to tell me ſo.

Trop. I came on purpoſe to tell you; I came on purpoſe to abuſe you, old Fable.

Fable. I am obliged to you; but for what reaſon?

Trop. Every honeſt man ſhould not only abhor a crime, but even keep clear of ſuſpicion.

Fable. Impoſſible.

Trop. How ſo?

Fable.

Fable. Both are not in his power. Not to be criminal, indeed, lies in his own breaſt! but ſuſpicion and calumny, in the breaſts and mouths of others. You conſider yourſelf as an honeſt man, I ſuppoſe.

Trop. Zounds! I know I am, without conſidering at all.

Fable. And yet, honeſt as you are, you could no more prevent my thinking you a raſcal, were I inclined to believe you one, than I could hinder your calling me ſo.

Trop. I tell you, all the world calls you ſo. It is the talk of the whole city—the Alley is full of it—the 'Change rings with it—and by and by, I ſuppoſe, the talkers in Leadenhall-ſtreet will harangue about it. You are prètty well paragraphed already, old Fable.

Fable. I can't help their talking or writing. I can only take care not to deſerve it.

Trop. Not deſerve it!—Why, was not Golding, the great banker here, your old friend and acquaintance?

Fable. Moſt intimately ſo; moſt confidentially; or, at his departure for India, he would ſcarce have truſted his whole family and affairs to my care, with the particular charge of young Beverley.

Trop. Oh, did he ſo?—Now we are come to the point then.—And a fine guardian you have ſhewn yourſelf—a pretty friend to Mr. Golding too! You have ſtaggered the credit of the houſe, driven the poor young fellow almoſt out of his ſenſes, and made yourſelf his ſole truſtee and creditor. Every body ſees what you drive at—but the court of Chancery may bring you to account yet, old Fable.

Fable. Let the parties file their bill at their pleaſure—or rather, do you be my chancellor.

Trop. I your chancellor!

Fable. Yes, you, my friend. I'll put in my anſwer immediately—but remember, that while I call upon your judgment in equity, I muſt alſo inſiſt on your ſecrecy.

Trop. What! keep it a ſecret that you are an honeſt man?—Let all the world ſuppoſe you a ſcoundrel?

Fable. No matter. Don't let your zeal for my character teach them to unriddle the myſtery at preſent; but rather aſſiſt me in carrying on my project. Firſt, however, promiſe ſilence. Give me your word, old friend.

Trop. My honour—Now you know you are ſure of me.

Fable. I am convinced of it. You muſt know, then,

then, that the danger of the houſe, and the ruin of young Beverley, is all a mere fiction.

Trop. A lie!—Zounds! to what purpoſe?

Fable. The beſt in the world.—A white lie, my friend! to reſcue Beverley, and ſave Mr. Golding.

Trop. A white lie?—I don't underſtand you. Explain.

Fable. The young man was in the high road to deſtruction, and driving at ſuch a rate that he muſt ſoon have overſet the whole undertaking.—It was time to pull the check-ſtring.—To ſpeak plainly; intoxicated as he was by pleaſure and vanity, and countenanced by Mrs. Golding, who ought to have diſcouraged him, direct advice would have been thrown away upon him. But could I ſtand by a ſilent and inactive ſpectator of the ruin of a whole family? No. Finding him incorrigible by ſofter means, I conjured up the phantom of poverty. The meaſures I have taken have already brought him to reaſon; he promiſes to become a new man; I ſhall ultimately appear to be a true friend; and the credit of the houſe will be more firmly eſtabliſhed than ever.

Trop. I am ſpeechleſs—ſtruck dumb—you have taken my breath away—I have not a word to ſay againſt you—you are a very worthy, ſenſible, honeſt

fellow, old Fable. You have redeemed your friend Golding, and will be the making of the young fellow's fortune.

Fable. Nay, I can't take the credit of his reformation entirely to myſelf neither. He is in love, it ſeems, with a moſt amiable young lady, whoſe tenderneſs is redoubled by his misfortunes, while no calamity ſeems to affect his mind but the imaginary want of a fortune ſuitable to his pretenſions to her.

Trop. And how can you anſwer it to yourſelf, to retain his money in your hands, when he wiſhes to make ſo laudable a uſe of it?

Fable. I don't mean to retain it. Finding Beverley in ſo fair a way of amendment, I have already ſet another wheel in motion, and (unknown to him) circulated a report of a ſudden turn of fortune in his favour.

Trop. Unknown to him, d'ye ſay?

Fable. Totally; and it is pleaſant enough to ſee how aukwardly he receives the civilities which are paid to him in conſequence of this report, while, unconſcious of the cauſe, he expects (according to the way of the world) nothing but ſlights and reproaches. To confirm the report, however, and to put him into good humour with himſelf again,—

I mean

I mean to ſend a pretended agent or meſſenger to him, with letters and conſiderable remittances, as from Mr. Golding. All I want is a truſty perſon to diſcharge ſuch a commiſſion.

Trop. Can I be of any uſe to you?

Fable. Infinite, if you would undertake this negociation.

Trop. I!—Why, I am unknown in the family, 'tis true—but then the letters—Mr. Golding's hand, you know——

Fable. Oh, reaſons may be aſſigned for his making uſe of another hand.—Beſides, they won't be examined ſo nicely. You come to bring money, not to receive it—and that makes a wide difference. But we loſe time.—Will you aſſiſt me?

Trop. I will—hand and heart—body and ſoul, old Fable. Let me have the ſtores, ſails, maſts, and rigging, and I'll fit him out as handſomely as any veſſel I ever furniſhed in my life. You are a true-hearted, ſound-bottomed fellow, old Fable. But what an aſs have I made of myſelf!—Here did I come open-mouthed to reproach you for your roguery; and now you have perſuaded me to become your accomplice.

Fable. My ally—leagued in honour, not combined and confederated in villany. But, come with

me to my cloſet, and I'll furniſh you with the needful.

Trop. I'll follow you; but I muſt, I muſt aſk your pardon firſt. It touched me to the quick to hear you were a raſcal, and I could not help telling you ſo.—I beg your pardon again, and again, and again, my friend. You are one of the worthieſt men in the world—But, you know, there are not a more ſilly, empty, inſolent, impudent, ignorant, lying vermin, than your framers of common reports, and collectors of perſonal paragraphs—wretches that pretend to know every thing, and know nothing. Your thoughts, words and actions, they know them all; what you have done, what you are doing, and what you intend to do, they know; know what a Papiſt tells his confeſſor, or the king whiſpers the queen; things that never have been, will be, nor are like to be, ſtill they know—true or falſe, right or wrong, praiſe or blame, they don't care a halfpenny.—And I, to give a moment's credit to them! Forgive me this once, my friend; and for the future, without certain authority, I'll never believe a word I hear from common report, or depend upon a ſyllable I read in the news-papers. [*Exeunt.*

Enter

The ſtreet.

Enter Lord Riot and Colonel Rakiſh.

Col. Rak. But do you think there is any truth in this report, my lord?

Lord Riot. Fact—you may depend upon't. A proctor from the city, who came to me about my ſuit with lady Riot, now depending in the Commons, told me that he heard it at the St. Paul's Coffee-houſe, from a gentleman that brought the news piping-hot from Sir George Sterling at Garraway's, and from other particular friends of old Fable.

Col. Rak. So then Beverley is upon his legs again, and Golding is not ruined, after all.

L. Riot. Full of treaſure as a mine, with a certain income as large as a jaghire—ſent home whole lacks of rupees by the laſt Indiaman, and buſhels of diamonds as plenty as Scotch pebbles.

Col. Rak. A lucky turn for Beverley! I wiſh I had known it before; I would not have black-balled him at Stapylton's; but, faith, I thought he had nothing for it but to ſhoot himſelf.

L. Riot. He is actually meditating a very deſperate action. I hear he is going to be married.

Col. Rak. Ay? to whom, my lord?

L. Riot. Why, to miſs—Oh, here he is, to give an account of himſelf.

Enter Beverley.

How do you, how do you, Beverley? Nay, never look ſo grave and ſerious, man! I know you have no occaſion. But why did you not call as I deſired you, Beverley? I love to ſerve you, and ſhould have been very glad to ſee you?

Bev. I am obliged to your lordſhip, but I have been engaged in particular buſineſs.

L. Riot. Buſineſs! You uſed to think pleaſure your buſineſs.

Bev. And now, thank heaven, I have learnt to think buſineſs my pleaſure.

Col. Rak. Ah, that's the true language of a man that is making a fortune and rolling in money, my lord. But, Beverley, my dear boy, why did you not call on me, if you ever thought there was the leaſt ſhadow of an occaſion? You muſt be ſure that all I could command was entirely at your ſervice.

Bev. I am obliged to you, colonel; but there was not the leaſt neceſſity for it.

L. Riot. No, no; ſo it ſeems. I am very glad to hear it. Will you look in upon us at Almack's this evening, Beverley?

Bev. It will not be in my power, my lord.

Col. Rak. We dine at the Tilt-Yard Coffee-houſe to-day. There is ſome excellent claret. Will you go along with us, Beverley.

Bev. Not now, I thank you, colonel; I am going to Mr. Denier.

L. Riot. Well; let us ſee you ſoon; don't forſake your friends, Beverley.

Col. Rak. No; don't let us loſe you; come amongſt us ſoon, my boy. In the mean time, I wiſh you much joy.

L. Riot. So do I. Good day, Beverley!

Col. Rak. Good day, good day to you, Beverley!

[*Exeunt Lord Riot and Colonel Rakiſh.*

Beverley alone.

Wiſh me joy! what do they mean? ſurely, not to inſult me! No, no; their manner was frank, and hearty, and cordial.—And yet, I thought they behaved oddly on the firſt ſhock of my affairs. But, perhaps, my ſenſibility was too quick on that occaſion, and my confuſion on the breaking-out of my misfortunes made me ſee every thing through a falſe medium. Yes, yes, I dare ſay I wronged my friends, and I am heartily concerned at it.

Enter

Enter Caſh.

Caſh. Oh, Mr. Beverley, your ſervant! I am glad I have found you. I have juſt been at your houſe to deſire you to diſcount theſe bills. They are indorſed by good men, and have not above a fortnight or three weeks to run, Sir.

Bev. Diſcount, Mr. Caſh? What do you mean; You know I never venture to do any thing of that ſort at preſent.

Caſh. Not venture, indeed!—Well ſaid, Mr. Beverley; you are pleaſed to be pleaſant.

Bev. I wiſh you would pleaſe to be ſerious. I am ſo, I can aſſure you, Mr. Caſh.

Caſh. What! you won't diſcount the bills then?

Bev. No.

Caſh. Conſider the names at the back of them.

Bev. No matter. It don't ſuit us.

Caſh. "It don't ſuit us,"—that's the banker's old anſwer in the negative.—When you're come to that, I am ſure you won't do it—I am ſorry for it—I muſt try ſome other houſe—Your ſervant. [*Exit.*

Bev. Yours!—Now for Denier. [*Going.*

Enter Hazard.

Haz. Mr. Beverley! one word with you, if you pleaſe.

Bev.

Bev. [*turning,*] Mr. Hazard! Your pleaſure, Sir?

Haz. We have a policy here on Sir Francis Racket, inſured for a year for twelve thouſand—and we ſhould be glad of your name at the bottom of it.

Bev. My name, Mr. Hazard!

Haz. If you pleaſe, Sir.—There is a handſome premium, and Sir Francis is a very good life—He was ſhewn at the coffee-houſe yeſterday—a very good life—not above ſix or ſeven and twenty—a little wild, indeed; but ſuicide and the hands of juſtice, you know, are always excepted.

Bev. I pretend to underwrite, Mr. Hazard! Do you want to ruin me entirely?

Haz. Ruin you! ha, ha, ha! ruin you—a very good jeſt, faith—I wiſh I was ruined your way, Mr. Beverley. [*Laughing.*

Bev. Do you laugh at me?

Haz. No, no—I don't laugh at you—but upon my word you make me merry, Mr. Beverley.—Poor ruined gentleman! ha, ha!—Will you fill up the policy, Sir?

Bev. No, not at fifty *per cent.* Sir. You know my ſituation; and let me tell you, Sir, I look upon your application at this time as impertinent—particularly impertinent. [*Turns aſide.*

Haz.

Haz. Know my ſituation! Lord, how ſome folks ſwell on their good fortune! He is turning fine gentleman again already, I perceive.—Impertinent, quotha!—I wiſh he would have ſet his name to the policy, tho'—I would rather not have had an Iſraelite among the underwriters—however, let the worſt come to the worſt, we are ſure of little Abraham at laſt. Impertinent, indeed! [*Exit.*

Beverley alone.

This affront, among many other mortifications, is brought upon me by my paſt folly and imprudence. Not only cenſured by the ſenſible and the generous, but reproached by the baſe, ridiculed by the malicious, and inſulted by the meaneſt of mankind—Confuſion!—But it is no wonder that I ſhould be treated contemptuouſly by others, when my conduct has rendered me ſo thoroughly deſpicable even to myſelf. [*Exit.*

An apartment in Denier's houſe.

Enter Lydia and Denier.

Lydia. Nay, ceaſe, I beſeech you, Sir! Do not, by urging me on a point ſo very diſagreeable, render it too painful a taſk to preſerve that reſpect for you, that I wiſh to maintain!

Denier. Engaging Lydia! How much your reſerve

reſerve becomes you. Yet, let me flatter myſelf it is mere coyneſs; and theſe little pruderies; for ſo I will ſuppoſe them—call forth new graces in your character, and revive the flame you would attempt to extinguiſh.

Lydia. It is, however, with a peculiar ill grace, Sir, that you now pretend to diſcover in me theſe latent qualifications.—You, who ſeemed lately ſo deſirous of recommending Mr. Beverley, and now, from what motive you know beſt, honouring me with your own addreſſes.

Denier. Beverley!—Beverley is convinced of my inviolable friendſhip for him—but it is no wonder, Lydia, that I, who had daily and hourly opportunities of contemplating your perfections, ſhould be more deeply ſtruck, than he that ſaw you but occaſionally. I ſhould not, however, ſuch is my regard for him, have urged my own ſuit, without being previouſly aſſured of his abſolute indifference.

Lydia. Indifference! As to that, Sir, Mr. Beverley's indifference, or Mr. Beverley's partiality, in this inſtance, is not at all material. I am placed in your family, it is true; and my ſituation in life is not as yet poſitively aſcertained. I was taught to believe, indeed, that I ſhould ere now have been received and acknowledged by my friends: But

But I conſider ſome late events as an earneſt of their ſpeedy appearance, and I truſt they will offer no violence to my inclinations. I am determined, at leaſt, in my own breaſt; and be aſſured, Sir, that no intereſt, no force, no time, ſhall ſhake my reſolution.

Denier. Your friends, madam, may poſſibly be of a different opinion; and though I might not wiſh them to put any conſtraint on you, they will hardly be partial to the ruinous ſtate of poor Beverley.

Lydia. In you, Sir, his intimate friend, ſuch a reflection is particularly ungenerous: Yet do not preſume too much upon that notion, Sir! Whatever I may think of Mr. Beverley, fortune at leaſt appears inclined to favour him.

Denier. Riddles! riddles, Lydia!

Lydia. You have not heard the late news then. He now ſeems as much courted by proſperity, as he was but lately threatened by misfortunes: And I am this moment going with Mrs. Carlton, to give Mrs. Golding joy on the occaſion.

Denier. And to congratulate Beverley?

Lydia. Perhaps ſo—but be that as it may, you muſt at leaſt allow that I have dealt candidly with *you.* Grave as I may ſeem, Sir, I would not wiſh to appear a prude; and I ſcorn all coquetry. [*Exit.*

Denier.

Denier alone.

Yes, yes; ſhe's fond of Beverley, I ſee—doatingly fond of him! and when a ſentimental lady is once touched by a fond paſſion, the rage is incurable.—But this ſudden turn of fortune too in his favour—that I warrant has its effect with her—gold, gold, will have its weight—I ſhall ſoon know the particulars.—In the mean time, ſuppoſe I make a merit with Beverley of ſacrificing my paſſion to him.—He certainly likes her; and it will be a cheap piece of generoſity to reſign that which I have no hopes of obtaining. I love to huſband my good offices: Ay, ay! that's the true policy! to gain the good will of others, without touching your own property.—Make a ſmall preſent to thoſe that you are ſure want nothing at all, and it turns to account, like money put out at high intereſt.—And ever, ever open your purſe, and offer to lend to thoſe, who you know have no occaſion to borrow!

Enter Beverley.

Ha! Beverley! you're welcome. Good day to you!

Bev. Good day, Denier! I was impatient to ſee you.

Denier. Yes, I dare ſay. I knew you would not be

be long out of the houſe. But come; confeſs honeſtly, Beverley! Was this viſit wholly deſigned for me? Was it not partly—nay, chiefly—intended for Lydia?

Bev. Lydia!—Lydia!—I ſhould have been very glad to ſee Lydia—I hope ſhe is well.

Denier. Very well—and very much at your ſervice—very much at your ſervice, Beverley.

Bev. What do you mean?

Denier. I mean what I ſay—and I have been thinking too on what paſſed at our laſt meeting, Beverley.

Bev. On what ſubject?

Denier. Nay, nay; there is but one ſubject of any conſequence now, you know. But I am afraid you diſſembled with your friend a little. You ſhould be frank and generous with me. The commerce of friendſhip can't ſubſiſt without it; and I have that title to the knowledge of what paſſes in your breaſt, Beverley.

Bev. It was then in a ſtate of inſurrection, and I was not maſter of its emotions, nor, indeed, well able to marſhal or diſtinguiſh them: But you know I never ſcrupled to lay my heart open to you.

Denier. Why, to do you juſtice, I believe your not being explicit, aroſe from the agitation of your mind—

mind at that inſtant, rather than from want of ſincerity—and I was a little ſlow of apprehenſion on my part—but now we perfectly underſtand each other.—I ſee you love Lydia: I am ſure of it—and, out of friendſhip and regard to you, my dear Beverley—I frankly give up all my pretenſions to her.

Bev. Generous, generous Denier!

Denier. Not at all—not at all—all my good offices with her friends, my correſpondents in India, Mr. Fable, and your own family, you have a right to command.

Bev. Your kindneſs overwhelms me. How ſhamefully was I diſpoſed for a time to do injuſtice to friendſhip! I now deſpiſe the mean and narrow common-place maxims, of our friends falling off from us. There is a jealouſy in the unfortunate—an unworthy ſuſpicion of neglect and contempt on account of their diſtreſſes—My ſlighteſt acquaintance have given me proofs of their good will, and your friendſhip is above all acknowledgment.

Denier. I am happy in an occaſion of teſtifying my unqueſtionable regard for you.

Bev. I don't doubt it.

Denier. Depend on it.

Bev. My beſt friend!

Denier. My dear, dear Beverley!

[*Exeunt, preſſing hands, embracing, proteſting, &c.*

ACT IV.

An apartment in Golding's houſe.

Enter Fable and Check.

Fable.

THIS way, this way, Check! And are you ſure, quite ſure, this is fact?

Check. Too true, Sir.

Fable. Speculated in India-ſtock, do you ſay?

Check. To an incredible amount, Sir! here's the particular, Sir.

Fable. Let me ſee—let me ſee—[*looking at the paper.*] Confuſion!—and had you no knowledge or ſuſpicion of theſe tranſactions till now, Check?

Check. Not the leaſt item, Sir. Little Smouſe the broker is but juſt gone, and ſays he has done more ſtock for my young maſter, than for half the reſt of the alley.

Fable. What imprudence! what madneſs!

Check.

Check. High play, indeed, Sir! Sir Charles Ducat of Mincing-lane, and my young maſter, it ſeems, have had the whole game between them. My young maſter is the bull, and Sir Charles is the bear. He agreed for ſtock, expecting it to be up at three hundred by this time; but, lack-a-day, Sir, it has been falling ever ſince.—You know the reſcounter day, Sir; and if Mr. Beverley does not pay his differences within theſe four-and-twenty hours, the world cannot hinder his being a lame duck.

Fable. It ſcarce ſignifies what becomes of him—a prodigal!—But my friend Mr. Golding——

Check. Ay, if Mr. Beverley fails, the whole houſe muſt ſuffer, Sir. Having ſtood the late run upon us, our credit was firmer than ever.—But, after a tumble in the Alley, our notes will no more paſs than a light guinea.

Fable. Is Mr. Beverley within?

Check. I thought I heard him come in juſt as I was following you hither, Sir.

Fable. Let him know I deſire to ſpeak with him.

Check. I will, Sir. [*Exit.*

Fable alone.

So!—To trifle with ſerious matters is playing with fire, I find. The ruin I counterfeited is now

becoming real; and the meaſures I embraced to reform Beverley, and ſave my friend, will only ſerve to haſten their deſtruction. The ſuddenneſs of the alarm confounds me. The ſhortneſs of the time too!—Oh, you are here, Sir.

Enter Beverley.

Bev. To attend your pleaſure, Sir.

Fable. To witneſs your own irretrievable ruin, Sir!—How comes it, Mr. Beverley, how comes it, I ſay, that you have hitherto kept your adventuring in the Alley, your infamous gambling in India-ſtock, ſo profound a ſecret from me?

Bev. Spare your reproaches, Mr. Fable! They are needleſs. I know all my fault, and all my miſery. Ruin and infamy now ſtare me in the face, and drive me to deſpair. The vain hopes I had cheriſhed of avoiding both are fruſtrated; and there is not at this moment a more pitiable object than the wretch you now ſee before you.

Fable. Pitiable! And what part of your conduct, Sir, has entitled you to compaſſion?—To that compaſſion, which the characteriſtick humanity of this nation has ever ſhewn to the unfortunate?—ſometimes, indeed, to the imprudent?—Have you, Sir, any claim to this? You, who have ſo groſſly abuſed the mutual confidence between man

man and man, and betrayed the important truſt repoſed in you—What! a banker! a banker, Mr. Beverley, not only ſquandering his own fortune, but playing with the property of others!—the property of unconſcious perſons ſilently melting away, as if by forgery, under his hands, without their own prodigality!—And is ſuch a man, becauſe he is at length buried in the ruin he has pulled down on others, an object of compaſſion? No, Sir, nothing is to be lamented but the mildneſs of his puniſhment.

Bev. The very atrociouſneſs of his crime, the pungency of his guilt and remorſe, which put him upon a rack ſeverer than any penal laws could deviſe, ſtill render him an object of pity.

Fable. Your remorſe and reformation, I fear, were but hypocriſy. Where was that ingenuous confidence that would elſe have prompted you to lay open this dark tranſaction, as well as the reſt of your unjuſtifiable extravagance? Your candour, in that inſtance, would at leaſt have argued the ſincerity of your profeſſions, and afforded a real proof of your penitence.

Bev. Oh, Sir, do not attribute my ſilence to deceit! I had been taught to hope and believe that the event would have proved proſperous; and

thought to have ſurpriſed you, and charmed Lydia, with my unexpected good fortune. But, oh, what a cruel reverſe have I now to experience!

Fable. A reverſe that the daily experience of thouſands might have warned you to avoid, rather than to build your hopes on ſuch a ſandy foundation. The tide of eaſtern riches flowing in upon us, which might have ſcattered plenty over our country, ſuch adventurers as you, Mr. Beverley, have rendered the parent of poverty, and the means of almoſt general bankruptcy. A ſimple individual to riſe to-day worth half a million—an undone man to-morrow! Are theſe the principles of commerce? Were theſe the leſſons which your worthy father tranſmitted to you? or which I have inculcated?

Bev. Have mercy, Mr. Fable; conſider my ſituation, and do not ſeek to aggravate the horrors of it! I who ſo lately thought myſelf in the road to proſperity, hoping to retrieve my fortune, and redeem my character, now ſhortly to be branded as the moſt faithleſs of beings, the baſeſt of mankind! Diſtraction!

Fable. Your ſituation, I own is dreadful; but by what an unpardonable complication of depravity have you brought it upon yourſelf, Mr. Beverley!

Not

Not content with one ſpecies of enormity, but induſtriouſly multiplying your ruin, and combining in yourſelf the double vices of a Man of Buſineſs, and a Man of Pleaſure! Gambling the whole morning in the Alley, and ſitting down at night to *quinze* and hazard at St. James's; by turns, making yourſelf a prey to the rooks and ſharks at one end of the town, and the bulls and bears at the other! Formerly, a young ſpendthrift was contented with one ſpecies of prodigality—but it was reſerved for you and your precious aſſociates to compound this new medley of folly, this olio of vice and extravagance, at once including the diſſoluteneſs of an abandoned debauchee, the chicanery of a pettyfogger, and the dirty tricking of a fraudulent ſtock-jobbing broker.

Bev. Go on; go on, Sir! it is leſs than I merit, and I can endure it with patience. My late humiliation was but the prologue to my total ruin. The moſt deſperate calamity cannot now make me more miſerable.

Fable. Oh, Beverley! did you but know the conſolation I had in ſtore for you, the ſchemes I had formed to make you eaſy in your circumſtances, and happy in your love, you would ſtill more regret this cruel diſappointment.

Bev. Happy in my love!—Oh, Lydia, I dare not even think of my preſumption in having aſpired to your favour!

Fable. Go, young man! go to thoſe friends on whom you formerly placed ſuch reliance, and try what they will contribute to deliver you from ruin!—Leave me a while—ſtudying to exert my weak endeavours to preſerve my friend—or, if they fail, ſtruggling to arm my mind with fortitude and patience.

Bev. Where ſhall I direct myſelf? to whom ſhall I apply? My ſituation, I fear, is hopeleſs. The inhabitant of a dungeon, under ſentence of execution, is in a ſtate of happineſs, to what I feel at this moment. [*Exit.*

Fable alone.

Tho' he appears at this inſtant ſo very culpable, I cannot but be touched by his agitation and remorſe.—Yet this is not a moment for paſſion, but reflection.—The ruin, if not prevented, ſo thoroughly overwhelming! The time ſo preſſing! My friend abſent! The property I can command, large and conſiderable as it is, not to be converted into ſpecie directly!—What can be done?—Mr. Tropick muſt return me the money in his hands, which

which I muſt now prevent his delivering, as well as the ſuppoſed letters to Beverley—yet that will be far, very far from ſufficient—how to make up the reſt then?—There is one way indeed—but is that warrantable? Lydia's truſt-money.—Have I a right, on any pretence whatever, to lay my hands but for a moment, on that ſacred depoſit?—And yet, where would be the injury? I am ſure of replacing the ſum before there is the leaſt probability of its being demanded: and that reſource, in conjunction with others already in my power, would ſupply every emergency. My abſent friend would be reſcued from certain ruin, even the tranſgreſſion of Beverley might be concealed from the world, and Lydia ſhould ſuffer no wrong, nor even be alarmed by ſuſpicion.—It ſhall be ſo. I'll ſee this broker, and ſettle the matter immediately.—And yet, my heart recoils at this tranſaction. The moſt pious frauds are at leaſt ambiguous; and I feel it as the moſt cruel neceſſity to be driven to indirect means, even for the moſt generous purpoſes.—But I have entangled myſelf by one crooked action, and I muſt endeavour to redeem all by another. [*Exit.*

Another

Another apartment in the ſame houſe.

Enter Handy and Mrs. Flounce.

Handy. Oh! if this be the caſe, I ſhall give warning immediately.

Mrs. Flounce. So ſhall I, I promiſe them. Ruined indeed! In my mind it is a monſtrous piece of impudence in theſe trumpery merchant-people to keep gentlefolks for their ſervants, like people of quality.—Mrs. Golding quotha!—a gentlewoman of my genteel family—as wealthy a rope-maker's daughter as any in the city of Briſtol! equal to Mrs. Golding, I hope, at any time.

Handy. Equal, Mrs. Flounce! ay, and a great deal ſuperior. An old worn-out bit of beggar's-tape, that binds the hem of quality!—imitating counteſſes and ducheſſes—endeavouring to adapt her vulgar weſt-country airs to the meridian of St. James's—aping, in her Briſtol manner, the airs and graces of perſons of faſhion—but no more like perſons of faſhion, than a Briſtol ſtone is to a diamond!

Mrs. Flounce. Well! ſervice, as they ſay, is no inheritance, Mr. Handy—ſo I ſha'n't go into place again—not I, truly—I have taken a houſe at Hogſden,

Hogſden, and intend to ſet up a boarding-ſchool to teach young ladies breeding.

Handy. And you'll have great ſucceſs, I dare ſay, Mrs. Flounce.—As to me, my maſter was to have got me a good place in the India-houſe; or to have ſent me out with the next cargo of judges and generals to Bengal.—But now he's ruined in the Alley, his intereſt I ſuppoſe is all gone—as well as his principal—eh, Mrs. Flounce? But this is always the caſe, when Lombard-Street will travel to Pall-Mall. Quite another latitude! Is not it, Mrs. Flounce?—But odſo! here's ſomebody coming up ſtairs—we'll ſettle this matter in the houſekeeper's room. Your hand, my dear!

Mrs. Flounce. And my heart too, Mr. Handy! but I ſhall pick a quarrel with my lady, and give warning as ſoon as the coach's home.

Handy. To be ſure, Mrs. Flounce! There's nothing more to be got in this houſe. We'll both give warning immediately; and we'll give up the month's wages to the poor devils, out of mere charity. [*Exit.*

Enter a Servant, followed by Golding.

Gold. Mr. Fable not at home, d'ye ſay?

Serv. But juſt gone out, Sir.

Gold.

Gold. Nor Mr. Beverley?

Serv. No, Sir.

Gold. Nor Mrs. Golding neither?

Serv. My lady has been abroad with two other ladies moſt part of the morning, but we expect her home very ſoon, Sir.

Gold. Well—well—as ſoon as any of them return, let me know.

Serv. I will, Sir. [*Exit.*

Golding alone.

Very ſtrange all this! I don't underſtand one word I have heard or read of my friends, or myſelf, or my affairs, ſince I landed. Thou art in a maze, friend Golding! But a man who comes home from the Indies, muſt expect at his return to meet with ſome new events to ſurpriſe him—his houſe burnt, his daughter eloped, his ſon engaged in a fray, his wife dead, or ſome little accident. The principal object of my voyage too has not yet anſwered, though in other points it has amply ſucceeded. I long to ſee Mr. Fable, or Beverley, or my wife—Who have we here?

Enter Tropick.

What is your pleaſure, Sir?

Trop.

Trop. To ſpeak with Mr. Beverley. But he is not at home, they ſay.

Gold. So it ſeems, Sir.

Trop. Having ſome very particular buſineſs with him, I muſt beg leave to wait for his return.

Gold. I am concerned in Mr. Beverley's affairs. Pray, Sir, what is your buſineſs? You may truſt it to me, Sir.

Trop. I have letters of great conſequence from abroad to deliver to him, and ſome more to Mr. Fable.

Gold. From abroad! From what part of the world? and from whom, Sir?

Trop. From India—from my old friend and acquaintance, Mr. Golding.

Gold. Mr. Golding!—Sir, here's an old friend and acquaintance of mine that I never ſaw in my life before. (*aſide.*)—And pray, how is Mr. Golding, Sir?

Trop. Never better, Sir.

Gold. Where is he at preſent, Sir?

Trop. In India, Sir.

Gold. What part of India?

Trop. Bengal.

Gold. I don't know that ever I had the pleaſure of ſeeing Mr. Golding. Pray, what ſort of a man is he?

Trop.

Trop. As good a ſort of man as breathes, Sir.

Gold. Yes; but his perſon?

Trop. Oh, as to his perſon, that is indifferent enough—a little, wizen, withered, whipper-ſnapper old gentleman, ſhorter by the head and ſhoulders than you or I, Sir.—A little merry man though—many a curry have I eat in his company—many a ſagar have little Goldy and I ſmoaked together.

Gold. What! you and little Goldy are particular friends then?

Trop. Very particular; or he hardly would have entruſted me with my preſent commiſſion, I believe.

Gold. What may that commiſſion be, Sir?

Trop. Nay, I may tell you: and indeed the affair will ſoon be known by every body.—I am not only commiſſioned to deliver the letters I mentioned, but charged with a very capital remittance from my friend Golding, conſigned to Mr. Fable, in favour of the young gentleman here, Mr. Beverley, for whom I now came to enquire.

Gold. And have you this capital remittance with you at preſent, Sir?

Trop. Yes, yes; I have my credentials. Here they are! [*clapping his hand to his pocket*] ſafe and

and found, I warrant you—and as good as the Bank, Sir.

Gold. And you had this money directly from Mr. Golding, you ſay?

Trop. From his own hands—from whom elſe ſhould I have it?

Gold. Nay, how ſhould I know? But it is very well as it is—very well. Be ſo good then, if you pleaſe, Sir, to deliver this very capital ſum of money to me, Sir!

Trop. To you? On what account, friend?

Gold. Becauſe, as you ſay, you had it from me.

Trop. Why, who are you?

Gold. The very perſon from whoſe own hands, you confeſs, you received it—Mr. Golding.

Trop. You Mr. Golding?

Gold. The ſame.

Trop. No, no—not you indeed—that will never paſs, I promiſe you.

Gold. Not Mr. Golding!—Why, who the devil am I then?

Trop. A damn'd rogue, I believe. Juſt now you ſaid, you did not know Mr. Golding; and as ſoon as you heard I had brought a conſiderable ſum of money you are turned into Mr. Golding yourſelf.—But you may caſt yourſkin again, old ſerpent. The trick won't take, I aſſure you.

Gold.

Gold. Trick!—This is the moſt impudent piece of knavery!—Trick, indeed! I believe, there is ſome trick upon me here, if I knew what to make of it—I'll have you taken up for a new kind of forgery; for bringing money upon falſe pretences —for——

Trop. And you inſiſt upon it, that you are Mr. Golding?

Gold. To be ſure, I do. I'll call the whole houſe to prove the truth of it.

Trop. And Mr. Golding, the true Mr. Golding, is really returned from India then?

Gold. To be ſure he is. Can't you ſee, Sir?

Trop. I have made a fool of myſelf a ſecond time—that's what I ſee—but be who you will, Mr. Golding, or not Mr. Golding, I ſhall not deliver the letters or money to you, old gentleman!—I'll go back again, like a fool as I came—to the old fool that ſent me—on ſuch a fool's errand!

[*Exit.*

Golding alone.

What the plague, am I in India ſtill then? or in the moon? and myſelf and the people about me all lunaticks?—Our affairs they ſay are all in confuſion, and yet Beverley is going to be married.—To whom, I wonder!—No matter who—the match I intended will be quite out of the queſtion—

Another

Another piece of ill fortune!—But I am in the dark all this while—talking of every thing, and acquainted with nothing.—Well! ſince I can find nobody, and get no intelligence at home, I will ſeek for it abroad—by delivering my letters, and making enquiries at Mr. Denier's [*going.*]—But ſtay! here's a woman at laſt. My wife, I hope. —Hey! how's this? Do I ſee right? Mrs. Carlton!

Enter Mrs. Carlton.

Of all the women on earth, Mrs. Carlton!

Mrs. Carlt. Mercy on me! what do I ſee? Can that be Mr. Winterton?

Gold. No.

Mrs. Carlt. Yes; it is he.

Gold. No, no, no, I tell you!

Mrs. Carlt. What! ſha'n't I believe my ſenſes? Are not you Mr. Winterton?

Gold. Huſh!—I am glad to ſee you—You know me well enough—but don't call me by that name again for the life of you!

Mrs. Carlt. Why, your name is Winterton—isn't it, Sir?

Gold. Hiſt! don't bawl ſo—Come away from that door a little—and not a breath of that name, I charge you.

Mrs. Carlt. Lord, Lord! what's the matter with you?—What's the man ſo much afraid of?

Gold. What moſt men are afraid of—my wife.

Mrs. Carlt. Your wife!

Gold. Ay! Mrs. Golding. Now you are ſatisfied.

Mrs. Carlt. What, and are you Mr. Golding then, after all, Sir?

Gold. I believe ſo. I was Mr. Golding before I went abroad—but I ſcarce know who I am, or what I am, or where I am, ſince I came back again.

Mrs. Carlt. So this was the reaſon then that we, poor ſouls, could never diſcover what was become of you, Mr. Winterton—Mr. Golding, I beg your pardon, Sir. But you need not be ſo terrified—for I left Mrs. Golding on a morning viſit, and ſhe is not come in yet.

Gold. In the mean while, let us make the beſt uſe of our time then. Where is my daughter? where is Lydia?

Mrs. Carlt. I left her with Mrs. Golding. You'll ſee them both here preſently.

Gold. That's well—but we muſt be cautious—How does ſhe do?

Mrs. Carlt. As well as can be expected in her ſituation.

Gold,

Gold. As well as can be expected!—What do you mean?—Her ſituation!—Not undone, I hope.

Mrs. Carlt. Only over head and ears in love, Sir.

Gold. In love! with whom?

Mrs. Carlt. With the young gentleman of this houſe—Mr. Beverley.

Gold. Beverley!—Why, he is going to be married.

Mrs. Carlt. So they ſay, Sir.

Gold. But to whom? do you know?

Mrs. Carlt. To her, Sir.

Gold. To Lydia?

Mrs. Carlt. Yes, to be ſure, Sir. Heaven forbid it ſhould have been any body elſe!—But his affairs are all in confuſion, it ſeems, and there's ſuch a pother between them, that I am half diſtracted about it.

Gold. And I am quite diſtracted—diſtracted with joy, Mrs. Carlton! Heaven be praiſed!—Come, come! here is one piece of good fortune, however!—Leave young folks to themſelves, I ſay.—What I have been labouring and ſtudying to bring about, have they ſettled at once. The very thing I could have wiſhed! Half the purpoſe of my voyage to India, and the meaning of the money lately remitted, for which Mr. Fable is appointed truſtee.

Mrs. Carlt. And does Mr. Fable know any thing of her relation to you, Sir?

Gold. Not a ſyllable—Heaven be praiſed, not a ſyllable!—I was not willing to explain the matter, till I ſaw more likelihood of my ſcheme's taking place.—And now from what I can judge of his proceedings, it is lucky that I never truſted him. An old fox! a caterpillar! a viper! Beverley's ſole truſtee and creditor indeed!—a crocodile!

Mrs. Carlt. But was it not a little cruel in you to keep us ſo long in the dark, Mr. Golding?

Gold. Nay, I have not been ſo much to blame neither, Mrs. Carlton. My firſt marriage, with Lydia's mother, when I was a little young fellow, was a fooliſh love buſineſs—and I knew that my having a daughter abroad would have been an objection to my preſent wife's relations—ſo I fairly kept the whole matter a ſecret.—Lydia's mother dying in child-birth, and my preſent marriage having taken place during the infancy of Lydia, I directed her to be educated by another name, under which I once viſited you and my daughter in India—that's the whole affair!—But not a word more of the name or the buſineſs, I charge you!

Mrs. Carlt. Not for the world, Sir, till you think proper to mention it.

Mrs.

Mrs. Gold. [*behind.*] Deſire miſs Lydia to ſee the things taken out of the coach, and then to follow me into the drawing-room!

Mrs. Carlt. Ha! the ladies are here—here already, I proteſt, Sir.

Gold. Yes, I hear my wife's voice. I would not have her ſurprize us together. I might appear ſomewhat aukward and confuſed, perhaps. I'll run and give her the meeting—but remember now, not a wry word for your life! Mum, mum, Mrs. Carlton! [*Exit.*

Mrs. Carlton alone.

You may depend upon me, Sir.—Ah, Mr. Golding, Mr. Golding! there is no truſting to looks, I find. Who would have thought of your paſſing by a wrong name? Who would have ſuſpected ſuch a grave, demure-looking gentleman?

Enter Mr. and Mrs. Golding.

Mrs. Gold. My dear love! I am tranſported to ſee you. This is the moſt agreeable ſurprize—I thought the laſt ſhips that came in would have brought me nothing but letters—or, perhaps, a pagoda, or a monkey at beſt. But, my huſband! —my dear love!—Oh, my dear, let me introduce a very agreeable, genteel young lady to you!—

a young lady of fortune and family, I aſſure you.—My huſband, my dear child! [*Introducing Lydia.*] My dear, miſs Lydia Winterton!

Lydia. Ha! my father! Mr. Winterton!

[*Faints away.*

Mrs. Gold. She faints away! Take care of the child!

Maids enter, and run to aſſiſt Lydia.

Lord! what's the meaning of this?—She cried out, *father!* and called you Mr. Winterton.

Gold. Yes—ſhe did ſay ſomething about Betterton.

Mrs. Carlt. Ay, the poor child has very weak ſpirits—Every little thing flutters her.—And Mr. Golding is a little like her papa too, I think—eſpecially about the noſe.

Gold. Ay; may be ſo—may be ſo—but, my dear, ſuppoſe you take her into your chamber, and let her lie down a little to recover her ſpirits!

Mrs. Gold. Ay; we'll ſoon bring her to herſelf again—This way, Molly—keep the eau de luce to her noſe.—This is from riding backwards in the coach, I fancy—This way; gently, Molly! gently.

[*Mrs. Gold. and maids lead out Lydia.*

Manent

Manent Mrs. Carlton and Golding.

Gold. So, ſo! here was an eſcape! Murder will out.

Mrs. Carlt. Never fear, never fear, Sir! I'll go in to Lydia directly—let nobody be about her but myſelf—and as ſoon as ſhe recovers, I'll teach her her leſſon, and give her the right cue, I warrant you.

Gold. Ay, do ſo, do ſo, Mrs. Carlton! Take care, I beſeech you! For the ſake of peace and quietneſs, keep this matter a ſecret! I ſhall never be able to break it to Mrs. Golding—ſhe would think herſelf injured, cheated, robbed, and undone. —And if ſhe were once to know Lydia was a daughter of mine, ſhe would ring it in my ears as long as I live—a ſmoaky houſe, and a ſcolding wife, you know! I need ſay no more—It is a kind of hell to inhabit one, and the devil himſelf would ſcarce live with the other. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

An apartment in Denier's houſe.

Denier and Capias.

Denier.

VERY well, very well!—And you have him ſafe then, Mr. Capias?

Capias. Safe and ſecure, I warrant you, Sir. I put the writ into ſure hands—thoſe that will touch a man, let him be ever ſo ſly. However, they had not much ado in this inſtance—They planted themſelves at the corner, ſtopt Mr. Golding near his own door, and told him their buſineſs: He went with them at once, and is now lodged with my friend Snap in Shire-Lane.

Denier. This comes from early intelligence. No miniſter, no general, no broker, could turn it to greater advantage.

Capias. But how did you procure it, Sir? You are the firſt upon the roll—I ſearched the ſheriff's office, and there is nothing elſe out againſt Mr. Golding, or any body connected with him.

Denier.

Denier. Beverley, knowing me to be his friend, came to acquaint me with his diſtreſs in the Alley. The natural conſequences of that adventure are obvious: And all my India concerns, remittances, and money tranſactions coming through their houſe, it ſtruck me with a panick; but, by good luck, he was ſcarce gone before I had notice of Mr. *Golding's* return by letters from India, brought by the ſame ſhip in which he came over. I did not loſe a moment. I dare ſay he had not once entered his doors when the officers met him, and perhaps Beverley himſelf is not yet appriſed of his arrival. Am not I a man of diſpatch, Mr. *Capias?*

Capias. A Cæſar, a Machiavel, Sir! You know all the turnings and windings and narrow back-ſtairs of the law too. You feel your own way; and are client, counſel, and attorney, all in one, Sir!

Denier. And have you the deed ready, Capias?

Capias. Here it is, Sir, peruſed, ſigned, and ſettled, by old Steady, of Lincoln's Inn—an excellent workman! and if we can prevail on Mr. Golding to execute it, you'll come in for an excluſive lien upon his effects, inſtead of compounding with the other creditors under a commiſſion of bankruptcy, which I ſuppoſe will be taken out in leſs than theſe three days.

Denier.

Denier. Ay—and under which they will not pay five ſhillings in the pound, perhaps—ſuch a tumble!—ſign the deed? tell him he muſt ſign it—His mind's unſettled yet, and he'll be eaſily perſuaded—Beſides, he'll be glad to ſerve a particular friend—It can't affect him, you know—the aſſignees will divide the remainder.—I have been a conſtant friend to the houſe—he'll be glad to return the obligation, and I ſhall fall upon my legs again.

Capias. Let us loſe no time; the ſooner he executes the better, Sir!

Denier. Come along then! I'll attend you to Mr. Snap's. I have not ſeen Mr. Golding ſince his return, and we ſhould viſit our friends in their affliction, you know. Come along, Mr. Capias!

[*Exeunt.*

Scene changes to a room in Snap's houſe.

Fable and Snap.

Fable. Every thing much to my ſatisfaction; nothing here to complain of, I aſſure you, Mr. Snap. I never was more comfortably lodged in my life, never wiſh for better attendance, or more convenient accommodation.

Snap. We does all in our power to oblige company,

pany, Sir.—Nobody can do no more, you know—eſpecially ſuch as behaves like gentlemen, like your honour, Sir—for we has them of all ſorts.—Within this fortnight, there has been no leſs than four or five different lodgers in this very apartment.—The room is genteel enough for that matter.—Let me ſee, who was they?—An enſign in the guards; a poet-man from Paddington; a Scotch actor-man; an old battered lady from Soho; and a very fine young one from the New Buildings at Maryhone—that's five—and now we have the honour of your honour to make up the even half-dozen, Sir.

Fable. I hope not to give you much trouble, Mr. Snap.

Snap. No, no; you know you'll ſoon be relieved, I dare ſay, your honour.

Fable. Were my letters all delivered according to the directions?

Snap. Every one, Sir; and the gentlefolks ſays they will be here preſently.—I thinks I hears ſomebody at the door now.—Shall I ſhew them up, Sir?

Fable. If you pleaſe, Mr. Snap.

Snap. Perhaps, they chuſes ſome refreſhment.—I've ſome fine dry ſherry—very good for a whet in the morning.

Enter

Enter Tropick.

Fable. Ha! my friend, I am happy to ſee you.—Mr. Snap, good morning to you.

Snap. Gentlemen, your ſervant.—Shall I ſend up a bottle of white wine, or a bowl of punch, Sir?

Fable. Not at preſent, I thank you, Mr. Snap.—If any body elſe enquires for Mr. Golding, be ſo good as to ſhew them up.

Snap. I will, Sir.—Your ſervant—Gentlemen, your ſervant. [*Exit.*

Manent Fable and Tropick.

Fable. This is kind, my friend. You little thought of my deſiring a viſit from you at this houſe, I believe.

Trop. Look ye, Fable, I don't know what to make of all this.—I don't underſtand you.—You may be an honeſt man, perhaps.—I hope you are an honeſt man; but you look very much like a rogue at preſent, I can tell you.—Firſt of all, you employ me in a damned ridiculous buſineſs, in which I have made a curſed fool of myſelf—and that is ſcarce over, than in comes a note from you at a ſponging-houſe, deſiring me to come there, but not to aſk for you by your own name. What's the meaning of all this, maſter Fable?

Fable.

Fable. No harm, I aſſure you, friend. In regard to the buſineſs you mention, I meant to ſtop your going, if, unluckily, it had not been too late; and as to your not aſking for me here by my own name, I deſired it, becauſe I am not here in my own right, but as the repreſentative of another perſon.

Trop. Another perſon! I underſtand you leſs and leſs. Why, zouns, man, they can't arreſt people by proxy.

Fable. No; but they may by miſtake; and I have humoured the miſtake, in order to ſerve the real party, and puniſh the raſcally creditor.

Trop. Who is the real party? and who is the creditor?

Fable. The writ was ſued out againſt Mr. Golding, at the ſuit of Mr. Denier. I had but juſt ſettled ſome affairs very eſſential to Mr. Golding's intereſt; and did not know of his return till the moment I had placed him beyond danger. Coming home, however, in the duſk of the evening, the catchpoles lay in wait near the houſe, touched me on the ſhoulder, and preſented their authority. I readily obeyed; ſubmitting to an arreſt in the character of Mr. Golding, and glad of an opportunity of expoſing the falſe profeſſions of a pretended friend to the family.

Trop.

Trop. Well, this ſeems right enough;—and yet, ſome how, I don't like it neither.—I don't love turning and doubling.—I love to go ſtraight forwards, Mr. Fable.

Fable. The beſt road will wind ſometimes, you know. Have a little patience; we ſhall ſoon be at the end of our journey.

Enter Snap.

Snap. More company, Sir.—Walk up, gentlemen; walk up, ladies. The ſtairs is a little dark; but there's no danger.

Enter Golding, Mrs. Golding, Mrs. Carlton, Lydia, and Beverley. [*Exit Snap.*

Fable. Mr. Golding, I am happy to ſee you returned.—Ladies, you're welcome.—Beverley, how do you?—Well, Mr. Golding, how do you like my new apartments?

Gold. Like?—I like nothing I have ſeen or heard of you ſince my coming from the Indies. Out of doors, I hear you have almoſt made me a bankrupt; at home, I find you have made me a fool.

Fable. How ſo, Mr. Golding?

Gold. Have not you made yourſelf this young gentleman's ſole truſtee and creditor?

Fable.

Fable. He has made me ſo, I confeſs.

Gold. And did not you perſuade him to it by a Canterbury tale of letters from me, loſſes in India, and the devil knows what,—when you had no more authority to talk of me, than of the pope or the great mogul? Had you any ſuch letters from me? Anſwer me that, Sir.

Fable. No, I had not.

Gold. I told you ſo.—And did you ever hear that I had any loſſes in India?

Fable. Never.

Gold. There again!—Did not I tell you ſo?—And what the plague did you mean by all thoſe falſhoods and forgeries? Eh, Mr. Fable?

Fable. To ſerve you, and maintain the credit of the houſe.

Gold. And a very creditable way our affairs are in, truly! One moment I learn that you are our ſole creditor; and the next moment I find that our ſole creditor is ſo much in debt himſelf, that he is lodged in a ſponging-houſe.

Fable. Very true; even ſo, Sir.

Trop. Pſha! plague of your cool blood! I can't bear it. Why does not the man ſpeak out, and tell the whole ſtory?—Look ye, Mr. Golding; he is a very honeſt fellow; and all he has done was entirely for your ſervice.

Gold.

Gold. Oh ho, Sir! Are you there, old Smoke-a-pipe? What, my old friend, that eat curries and ſmoked ſagars with me at Bengal!—are you come again?—Where's the money I ſent by you?

Trop. There, old Fable; you ſee what a pretty figure I have made.

Fable. Mr. Golding will ſoon know you better, and entertain a proper reſpect for you.

Gold. I am finely entertained by you both. You ſpeak for him, and he vouches for you—and I don't know what to make of either of you. But, to come to a right underſtanding, be ſo good as to tell me, Mr. Fable, whether you did not receive a very large remittance from India, in favour of this young lady?

Fable. I did.

Gold. Very well.—You muſt know then, Sir, that her friends have appointed me joint-truſtee, with a power to pay the whole ſum into her own hands immediately. She has a preſent occaſion for it, and deſires to receive it directly.

Lydia. I do, I do, Sir, in order to apply it for the relief of Mr. Beverley.

Bev. Generous, too generous Lydia! Ruin ſhould not prevail on me to touch a ſingle doit of it.

Gold.

Gold. Pleaſe to let us touch it, however, Mr. Fable.

Fable. Impoſſible.

Gold. Impoſſible! how ſo? You received it ſafe—did not you?

Fable. I do not deny it.

Gold. Where is it then?

Fable. Not in my hands at preſent; nor can I advance any part of it within this fortnight or three weeks.

Gold. Three weeks!—We can't ſtay three days, or three hours, Sir.

Bev. My Lydia defrauded too!—Confuſion!

Mrs. Carlt. The child's money gone!

Trop. What the plague! can't you produce the money, Fable?

Fable. I cannot indeed, friend.

Trop. Friend! Don't call me your friend—I am not your friend—never will be your friend—never ſpeak to you as long as I live.

Bev. Are theſe your leſſons of morality, Mr. Fable? Have you reproached me for intemperate indulgence of my paſſions, while you were yourſelf practiſing deliberated villainy?

Gold. Ah! he has embezzled the money, as ſure as I live—Who's here?—Mr. Denier! Your ſervant, Sir!

Enter Denier and Capias.

Denier. Your's, Sir. I am ſorry, Mr. Golding, to have been reduced to the neceſſity of taking ſo diſagreeable a ſtep as this may appear to you.

Gold. Diſagreeable? not in the leaſt diſagreeable; I take it rather kind of you, and I am very glad to ſee you.

Denier. I am happy to find you conſider the matter ſo fairly. I had rather have avoided it; but being adviſed that it would eſſentially promote my intereſt, and not affect your own, I hope you will excuſe it, and indeed rejoice at an opportunity of giving a preference to a friend, inſtead of involving him with your common acquaintance.

Gold. Hey-day! what now? Have I loſt my ſenſes, or every body about me loſt theirs? I don't underſtand a word you ſay, what you mean, or what you drive at.

Capias. My client refers to the bill of Middleſex, taken out againſt you, and ſerved on you yeſterday evening, under which you were arreſted, and are now in Mr. Snap's cuſtody.

Gold. I arreſted!—Where is Mr. Snap? Here, houſe!

Enter Snap.

Snap. Did your honour call, Sir?

Gold. Pray, Mr. Snap, did you arreſt me laſt night?

night?—Did you ſerve any writ upon me, Mr. Snap?

Snap. Not I, Sir!—not upon your honour—I arreſted Mr. Golding.

Gold. Mr. Golding!—So it ſeems I am not come to myſelf again *yet* then!—You, Mr. Sagar, did you help to ſerve the writ, friend? [*to Tropick.*

Denier. 'Sdeath, Mr. Capias, there ſeems to be ſome miſtake here.

Capias. 'Truly, there doth appear to have been a wrongful arreſt.

Snap. Not at all, Sir.—I knows Mr. Golding well enough—There he ſtands! [*pointing to Fable.*] I ſhewed him the writ, and he came along with me at once. Did not you, Sir?

Fable. I did—I ſubmitted to go with you, thinking it might be of ſervice to my friend, and a puniſhment to his falſe-hearted creditor.

Trop. This action looks honeſtly of old Fable, after all—and yet the money—I don't know what to make of him.

Gold. Nor I neither.

Bev. But Denier's treachery! I could not have believed it!

Gold. No, to be ſure!—But you ſhall hear of it, Sir, [*to Denier.*] and to your coſt too, I promiſe you!

you! I'll ſue you for damages, and Mr. Fable ſhall bring his action for falſe impriſonment—we'll puniſh you.

Denier. Indeed! It is time to look about me then—But you had beſt have let the buſineſs ſleep—I have my revenge in my own hands, I aſſure you—I have a little packet here——

Gold. Well! what of that, Sir?

Denier. Nay, nothing—only a little news from Bengal.

Gold. Eh!

Denier. Very intereſting to a certain lady, not a hundred miles from this place at preſent.

[*Looking at Mrs. Golding.*

Mrs. Gold. How! what's this?

Fable. What does he drive at?

Gold. I wiſh he'd be quiet.

Denier. When you have peruſed this letter, Mrs. Golding——

Mrs. Gold. Well, Sir!

Denier. You will find, madam——

Gold. Don't believe a word he ſays!

Mrs. Gold. You won't let me hear what he ſays.

Denier. Poor gentleman! his fears overcome him, but I'll put him out of his pain in an inſtant.

This

This letter, madam, arrived it ſeems by the ſame ſhips with Mr. Golding, and will inform you, madam, that this grave old gentleman has had a connection in India with another lady——.

Mrs. Gold. My huſband!

Gold. [*Aſide.*] Oh, plague! I'm betrayed, blown, and undone!

Denier. That this young lady is no other than his daughter——

Mrs. Gold. Lydia!

Denier. That my correſpondent in India, who is his friend, conſigned her to my family, knowing our connection and acquaintance with your own—and that Mr. Golding himſelf forwarded the late remittance in her favour, meaning to give a colour to an intention he had formed of marrying miſs Lydia to Beverley—All theſe circumſtances my correſpondent refers to, as things of courſe in his letter, thinking that Mr. Golding had no objection to my being acquainted with them. Read, read, madam! [*Gives the letter.*

Gold. [*Aſide.*] Dead and buried! I wiſh I was at Bengal now, or in the black-hole at Calcutta!

Fable. And ſo this laſt confidence, like every other, you have betrayed, Sir. Is this your vindication?

Denier. No; but my revenge, Sir, extorted from me by great provocation—Before you open an account againſt me, ſee that you are able to anſwer all my demands upon you. Take care of the main chance! As to your action at law, my friend Capias here knows I may deſpiſe it. If the officer has made a falſe arreſt, let the officer anſwer it.—I have no concern but to take care of myſelf, you know; ſo come along, Mr. Capias!

Capias. I attend you, Sir. [*Ex. Denier and Capias.*

Bev. Fool that I have been! falſe as my other friends appeared, I ſtill repoſed an entire confidence in his fidelity.

Fable. Sordid, execrable, narrow-minded raſcal!

Mrs. Gold. Here's baſeneſs and treachery! [*After reading the letter.*] Was ever any thing ſo ſcandalous! Concealed children, intrigues in India, and ladies in a corner!

Bev. Well, but, Mrs. Golding——

Mrs. Gold. When he is at home with his family, he is as grave, and dry, and ſober as a judge, forſooth! and yet, when he gets abroad, he can be as gay, and as prodigal, as a young nobleman juſt come to his title and eſtate.

Fable. He may have been to blame, madam; but——

Mrs.

Mrs. Gold. To blame, Mr. Fable! what! theſe were his India voyages then! this was his buſineſs at Bengal! theſe were his large remittances truly! ſquandering his fortune, and what was my right, Mr. Fable, upon kept-madams, Eaſtern princeſſes, black-a-moor harlots, and natural children!

Mrs. Carlt. Nay—don't ſay that, Mrs. Golding! miſs Lydia was born in lawful wedlock, I aſſure you, madam.

Mrs. Gold. What! has he got two wives then?

Mrs. Carlt. No—dear me, madam! miſs Lydia's mother was dead and buried before his marriage with you, madam.

Bev. My Lydia's uneaſineſs is inſupportable. Shock her no further, I beſeech you, madam!

Mrs. Gold. Do you think I have been well treated, Sir?

Bev. The ſtory is but new to me, madam; but the main particular is Mr. Golding's firſt marriage, which, I apprehend, has been kept ſecret merely from the notion of its being diſagreeable to your family.

Mrs. Gold. And is this the caſe, Sir?

Gold. It is, indeed—no further harm, I aſſure you—I ſhould have mentioned the affair, to be ſure—but——

Enter Snap.

Snap. Here's one muſter Check below axes for one muſter Fable.

Fable. Oh, deſire him to walk up, Sir. Now ſet your heart at reſt about my conduct, friend.

Trop. You muſt make all matters clear then; For at preſent I don't half underſtand you.

Fable. Here comes an interpreter.

Enter Check.

Well, Check, have you ſettled the buſineſs?

Check. I have, Sir. Mr. Beverley's differences are all paid. I have acquittances from the parties, and the whole account is cloſed, Sir.

Bev. Amazement!

Gold. What, is the money gone that way then? None of it embezzled! eh, Check?

Check. Embezzled? Heaven bleſs your honour! he has made free to borrow the money left in his hands indeed: But then he has applied all that he could command of his own into the bargain. Embezzled indeed! No, no, Mr. Fable cheats nobody but himſelf, Sir.

Fable. Every particular, Mr. Golding, I am ready to explain. I ſhall ſay nothing in vindication or apology for my conduct. The motives on which I have acted are obvious.

Trop,

Trop. So they are—ſo they are, friend!—Give me your hand, old Fable! give me your hand! I ſee you are an honeſt fellow at laſt, and I am not aſhamed to acknowledge you.

Gold. And I am much obliged to you! I have enough and more than enough to ſtand the ſhock of our affairs, repay you with intereſt, and eſtabliſh our credit; for, thank Heaven, I have been employing my time abroad better than my young partner has done at home.

Mrs. Gold. Oh, you have been very finely employed, to be ſure!

Fable. Come, come, this ſhould be a day of general happineſs; as an inſtance of your univerſal good opinion of me, let me have influence enough to make peace between Mr. and Mrs. Golding; and as an earneſt of their reconciliation, let them give their joint conſent to unite Lydia and Beverley, and ratify their happineſs!

Bev. Mrs. Golding!—Sir!

Mrs. Gold. What ſays her fine papa to it?

Gold. Why, if Lydia——

Mrs. Carlt. Heaven bleſs her, ſhe dotes on him.

Lydia. Yes, I will own, my dear father, that the change in Mr. Beverley has removed the only objection that I could ever make to him; and I will

will not bluſh to confeſs that the future happineſs of my life depends on him.

Fable. Then every thing is adjuſted. I give you joy, my friends.

Trop. And I give you joy too. You have puzzled me confoundedly, I confeſs—I ſaid you were an honeſt fellow—I knew you were an honeſt fellow at bottom—but it was a damned long way to the bottom for all that, old Fable.

Fable. My conduct has been myſterious, I confeſs, friend—perhaps, in ſome degree, culpably ſo—but whenever I puzzled you, be aſſured I no leſs embarraſſed myſelf. The leaſt deviation from the ſtraight path is attended with difficulties; and though I have always meant honeſtly, and thought I acted uprightly, I have had ample reaſon to experience the convenience and neceſſity, as well as the beauty, of Truth.

EPI-

EPILOGUE.

Spoken by Mrs. BULKLEY.

WHEN plays are o'er, by Epilogue we're able,
Thro' moral ſtrainers, to refine the fable;
Again the field of comedy to glean
From what the author did, or did not mean;
Or, in a gayer mood, on malice bent,
Quite topſy-turvy turn the bard's intent.
Shall we, ye criticks, to-night's play deride?
Or ſhall we, ladies, take the milder ſide?
Suppoſe for once we leave the beaten road,
And try, by turns, the harſh and gentle mode;
A kind of critick country-dance begin;
Right hand and left, croſs over, figure in!
The critick firſt ſtrikes off, condemns each ſcene,
The tale, the bard, and thus he vents his ſpleen:
"While books lie open on each mouldy ſtall,
Bills plaiſter poſts, ſongs paper ev'ry wall,
At ev'ry corner hungry minds may feed,
Wiſdom cries out, and he that runs may read.
On learned alms were playwrights ever fed,
And ſcraps of poetry their daily bread.

Ev'n

EPILOGUE.

Ev'n Shakeſpeare would unthread the novel's maze,
Or build on penny hiſtories his plays.
From paltry ballads Rowe extracted Shore,
Which lay like metal buried in the ore.
To jump at once to bards of later days,
What are the riff-raff of our modern plays?
Their native dullneſs all in books intrench;
Mere ſcavengers of Latin, Greek, and French,
Sweep up the learned rubbiſh, dirt, and duſt,
Or from old iron try to file the ruſt.
Give me the bard whoſe fiery diſpoſition
Quickens at once, and learns by intuition;
Lifts up his head to think, and, in a minute,
Ideas make a hurly-burly in it;
Struggling for paſſage, there ferment and bubble,
And thence run over without further trouble;
'Till out comes play or poem, as they feign
Minerva iſſued from her father's brain!
Be all original! ſtruck out at once;
Who borrows, toils, or labours, is a dunce:
Genius, alas! is at the loweſt ebb;
And none, like ſpiders, ſpin their own fine web.
What wonder, if with ſome ſucceſs they ſtrive
With wax and honey to enrich the hive,
If all within their compaſs they devour,
And, like the bee, ſteal ſweets from ev'ry flow'r?

Old

Old books, old plays, old thoughts, will never do:
Originals for me, and ſomething new!"
"New? (cries the lady) Prithee, man, have done!
We know there's nothing new beneath the ſun.
Weave, like the ſpider, from your proper brains,
And take at laſt a cobweb for your pains!
What is invention? 'Tis not thoughts innate;
Each head at firſt is but an empty pate.
'Tis but retailing from a wealthy hoard
The thoughts which obſervation long has ſtor'd,
Combining images with lucky hit,
Which ſenſe and education firſt admit;
Who, borrowing little from the common ſtore,
Mends what he takes, and from his own adds more,
He is original; or inſpiration
Never fill'd bard of this, or other nation,
And Shakeſpeare's art is merely imitation.
For 'tis a truth long prov'd beyond all doubt,
Where nothing's in, there's nothing can come out.
Modes oft may change, and old give way to new.
Or vary betwixt London and Peru;
Yet here, and every where, the general frame
Of nature and of man is ſtill the ſame:
Huge ruffs and farthingales are out of faſhion;
But ſtill the human heart's the ſeat of paſſion:
And he may boaſt his genius ſtands the teſt,
Who paints our paſſions and our humours beſt.

Cenſure

EPILOGUE.

Cenſure not all; to praiſe let all aſpire;
For emulation fans the poet's fire.
Put not one grand extinguiſher on plays;
But with kind ſnuffers gently mend their blaze.
While other licenc'd lotteries prevail,
Our bard, by tickliſh lott'ry, tempts a ſale,
Prints the particulars of his Muſæum,
And boldly calls the publick in to ſee 'em:
Their calculation muſt his fate reveal,
Who ventures all in the dramatic wheel!

On account of the length of this Epilogue, many lines were omitted at the Theatre.

MAN

MAN AND WIFE;

OR, THE

SHAKESPEARE JUBILEE.

A

COMEDY.

Quid vetat et Noſmet?

Firſt acted at the Theatre-Royal in Covent-Garden, on the 7th of October, 1769.

TO

SHUA R NOLDS, KNT.

PRESIDENT

OF THE

ROYAL ACADEMY,

THIS COMEDY

IS INSCRIBED

BY HIS ADMIRER,

FRIEND,

AND MOST FAITHFUL

HUMBLE SERVANT,

GEORGE COLMAN.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE character of Sally (in which the little actreſs who performed it diſcovered more than the dawn of theatrical genius) is an imitation of that of Babet, in the comedy of *La Fauſſe Agnès*, by Deſtouches; and there are ſome traits of the character of Kitchen, in the third volume of the Connoiſſeur.

To theſe acknowledgments, the author has only to add his moſt grateful thanks to the publick, for their candid and indulgent reception of this little piece, as well as to the performers, for their great excellence in the repreſentation of it.

PRELUDE.

PRELUDE.

CHARACTERS.

DAPPERWIT,	*Mr. Dyer.*
JENKINS,	*Mr. Hull.*
TOWNLY,	*Mr. Wroughton.*

SCENE, *Covent-Garden.*

Townly croſſing the ſtage. Jenkins calling after him.

Jenkins.

HOLO! Tom!

Townly. Who's there? Jenkins!

Jenk. Ay. Where are you going?

Townly. To the play.

Jenk. The play! what is it? Let me ſee! [*Looking up at the play-bills.*] MAN and WIFE; or, the SHAKESPEARE JUBILEE. So, ſo! a new comedy! Whoſe is it?

Townly. Don't you know?

Jenk. Not I: I have been partridge-ſhooting ever ſince the firſt of September; and am but juſt come to town. Who is the author?

Townly. Your friend and acquaintance, the manager.

Jenk. What! little Dapperwit?

Townly. The ſame. Here he comes, faith Speak to him, Tom; aſk him about his comedy.

Enter Dapperwit.

Jenk. Ha, George! How do you do?—Well—but you need not look ſo melancholy. What! in mourning? Another annuity, I ſuppoſe: Ha, George?

Dapp. No: I am in mourning, Sir, for a dear and worthy friend, and a moſt valuable partner: A man, whoſe goodneſs of heart was even ſuperior to his admirable talents in his profeſſion.

Townly. Your friend's death was a publick loſs, Sir. He was deſervedly a favourite of the publick, and is very generally regretted.

Jenk. Well, but, George, now you have put on mourning for your friend, I am afraid you will be obliged to continue to wear it for Covent-Garden theatre.

Dapp. I hope not, Sir. The publick is candid and generous; and we muſt be attentive and induſtrious.

Jenk. Yes; you have been dabbling again, I ſee.

Townly. A ſtroke at the Jubilee; ha, Mr. Dapperwit?

Dapp. An innocent laugh, Sir; raiſed out of an adventure,

adventure, which, I have taken the liberty to ſuppoſe, happened during that period. As to the Jubilee itſelf, or the deſign and conduct of it, I cannot conſider them as objects of ſatire.

Townly. No, Sir? They have been roundly attacked: Lodgings without beds, dinners without victuals——

Dapp. I know what you mean, Sir. My friend Paſquin has infinite humour; but his pleaſantries are exceedingly harmleſs, and I believe he wiſhes they ſhould be ſo.—The ſcandal of others is mere dirt—throw a great deal, and ſome of it will ſtick. But the ſatire of Paſquin is like fuller's-earth—it daubs your coat indeed for a time, but it ſoon grows dry; and when it rubs off, your coat is ſo much the cleaner.—Thus it has happened on the preſent occaſion—for, after all, gentlemen, if a building be erected for a particular purpoſe, is not it natural to pull it down again, when that purpoſe is anſwered? A great number of people cannot be aſſembled without creating a croud—a rainy day will prevent the exhibition of a pageant—and heavy ſhowers deſtroy the effect of a firework.

Townly. Ay, Sir; but an ode without poetry—

Dapp. As to the ode—it had one capital fault, I muſt confeſs.

Townly and Jenk. Well—and what was it?

Dapp. Why, gentlemen, I underſtood every word of it. Now, an ode, they ſay—an ode—to be very good, ſhould be wholly unintelligible.

Townly. Oh, your ſervant, Sir!

Jenk. Well—but you intend to give it us here, I ſuppoſe?

Dapp. No—the ode can no where be heard to ſo much advantage as from the mouth of the author—and indeed it was ſo happily calculated for the time and place, for which it was originally intended, and the ſpeaker ſo truly felt a noble enthuſiaſm on the occaſion, that you have loſt a very exquiſite pleaſure (never to be retrieved) by not hearing it at Stratford-upon-Avon.

Townly. Well, Sir—but the pageant and the maſquerade—

Dapp. Thoſe you ſhall ſee, Sir—and perhaps they may appear to more advantage, and be ſeen with more ſatisfaction, at the Theatres Royal, than they could have been at Stratford itſelf.

Jenk. Well—but, George—tell us a little of your comedy.

Dapp. Walk in, Sir, and it will ſpeak for itſelf—The curtain is juſt going to draw up.

Jenk. And how do you feel yourſelf?—Eh, George?

Dapp.

Dapp. Much as uſual on ſimilar occaſions—all hurry and flutter—which ſtrangers are apt to miſtake for high ſpirits, and my friends and acquaintance know to be nothing but apprehenſion.

Townly. We'll give you a hand. I know of a ſtrong party againſt it, I can tell you, Sir.

Dapp. I fear no party, unleſs my own dullneſs raiſes one againſt me. The publick will ſuffer no party, no malice, to interrupt its amuſements. If I ſucceed, I ſhall owe my ſucceſs to their indulgence—if I faſl, I ſhall owe it to myſelf. With theſe ſentiments I enter the theatre. Come, gentlemen—my trial is near coming on, for the play muſt be juſt going to begin.

Townly. We attend you, Sir.

Jenk. Well ſaid, little Dapperwit—Have a good heart, my boy! We'll keep it up, I warrant you!

[*Exeunt.*

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

CROSS,	*Mr. Shuter.*
MARCOURT,	*Mr. Woodward.*
KITCHEN,	*Mr. Dunſtall.*
Colonel FRANKLY,	*Mr. Perry.*
Landlord,	*Mr. Morris.*
FLEECE,	*Mr. R. Smith.*
LUKE,	*Mr. Lewes.*
BUCK,	*Mr. Davis.*
SNARL,	*Mr. Wignell.*
Oſtler,	*Mr. Quick.*
Men Paſſengers,	*Mr. Herbert.* *Mr. Fox.*
Mrs. CROSS,	*Mrs. Green.*
CHARLOTTE,	*Mrs. Bulkley.*
SALLY,	
LETTICE,	*Mrs. Mattocks.*
Landlady,	*Mrs. Gardner.*
Women Paſſengers,	*Miſs Pearce.* *Mrs. Copen.*

Waiters, &c.

MAN

MAN AND WIFE;

OR, THE

SHAKESPEARE JUBILEE.

ACT I.

SCENE, *an Inn at Stratford upon Avon. Bells ringing—People behind calling* Waiter! Waiter! Oſtler! Houſe! *&c. Waiters anſwering,* Coming! *Landlady calling. People croſs the ſtage different ways—Then enter Landlord and Oſtler.*

Landlord.

I TELL you, Oſtler, you muſt find ſtabling for the ſet of horſes that came in laſt.

Oſtler. I tell you, Sir, it is unpoſſible: I could not put up the horſes if they would give me ten guineas a ſtall for them.

Landlord. Why can't you put ſome of them in the corner ſtable?

Oſtler.

Oſtler. I can't, Sir. Jack Pratt has taken it all for Whirligig, that's entered to run for the Jubalo cup, you know.

Landlord. Well, well—it does not ſignify—the gentlemen and ladies are particular acquaintances of the ſteward—and you muſt find room for their horſes ſomewhere.

Oſtler. I muſt turn ſomebody's elſe's horſes to graſs then. [*Exit.*

Bells ringing—and people calling again—Waiters anſwering, Coming!—*then enter Luke and three or four other waiters.*

Landlord. Here, waiters, anſwer the bells! I am ſo lame, I can ſcarce hobble about, and I want to be in fifty places at once. Luke, you have the care of moſt part of the houſe: Why don't you anſwer the bells? [*Landlord hobbles out.*

Luke. Coming, Sir, coming!—Here, Richard, take this bottle of Madeira to the gentleman and lady in the As you like it—Jack, carry a crown bowl of punch into the Meaſure for Meaſure—Do you, Thomas, take a dozen more port wine, and pipes and tobacco, to the muſick—they drink like fiſhes—they are in the Tempeſt—d'ye hear?—and, William, do you make haſte with half-a-dozen of clare.

claret to the gentlemen in the Merry Wives—they have been calling and ringing this half-hour.

Buck. [*within.*] Waiter!

Luke. Coming, Sir, coming!

Enter Buck, tipſy. [*ſinging.*]

Buck. All ſhall yield to the mulberry tree;
Bend to thee,
Sweet mulberry!
Matchleſs was he
Who planted thee,
And thou like him immortal ſhalt be.

Here, you waiter! you ſcoundrel, you, what's the meaning you don't bring the wine we call'd for? We are obliged to ſit up all night becauſe there are no beds, and you won't ſupply us with liquor to keep us in good humour.

Luke. Beg your honour's pardon—do all in our power to oblige—wait on ſeven companies myſelf; and have ſeven waiters under me, at three and ſixpence a-day.

Buck. How the fellow gabbles!—Have not I ſeen your face before, you Sir?

Luke. Ah—your honour knows me well enough. —I am Luke, Luke, your honour, from the St. Alban's.

Alban's. But in the ſummer, buſineſs being dead in town—all the quality gone, your honour knows—I go too—and wait at all publick places in the country—I came over here from York races—had half-a-dozen waiters under me there too—A little before that, I was at the inſtallation at Cambridge—From hence I go to the Glouceſter muſic-meeting—In October I ſhall be at Newmarket—And by the meeting of parliament you'll find Luke, honeſt Luke, your honour—at the St. Alban's again.

Buck. Chatter—chatter—chatter—the fellow huddles his words one upon another—and drives 'em out of his mouth like the liquor out of a narrow-necked bottle—Get us the wine directly, you ſcoundrel, you.

Luke. Directly, Sir. [*Bell rings.*] Coming, Sir, coming! [*Exit.*

Enter Snarl, in a night-gown.

Snarl. "And the worſt of all beds is a Warwickſhire bed."—Buck! what are you up too?

Buck. Up! I have not been in bed; there was none to be got.

Snarl. I wiſh you had had mine then—I had rather ſit up without reſt, than lie in bed without it.—I have been ſwimming in a hammock, with a little

little army walking over me—and as to ſleep, one might as well think of it in the Tower of Babel.

Buck. Come along with me then, and we'll teach you how to deſpiſe ſleep.—There is a ſet of us have taken the room beyond the muſick, for the whole time of the Jubilee—and it ſerves us for dining-room, parlour, and bed-chamber. Ever ſince dinner to-day—faith, I believe I may ſay yeſterday, for it is almoſt day-light again—we have been following the example ſet us at the amphitheatre, and have been drinking bumpers to the immortal memory of Shakeſpeare, to the ſteward of the Jubilee, with a round of Shakeſpeare toaſts—Here, old Snarl! here's a Jubilee-favour! ſee here! [*ſhewing his cockade.*] So, come along with me, my boy, and I'll introduce you to the jollieſt company at Stratford upon Avon—for

All ſhall yield to the mulberry tree, &c.

[*Exit ſinging, with Snarl.*

Bar-bell ringing. Landlady (when the bell ceaſes) calling, Why, Chambermaid! John Oſtler! Boots! Chamberlain! Where are you all?

Then enter Landlady, followed by Colonel Frankly and five other Paſſengers in the Birmingham coach.

Landlady. This way! this way, if you pleaſe, ladies and gentlemen!—Why, Chambermaid! Richard!

Richard! Thomas! Boots, I ſay!—[*Enter Chambermaid and two or three Waiters.*] Here is the Birmingham coach has been overturned this morning—the gentry frightened out of their wits—and nobody to ſhew them a room, or get them any refreſhment—D'ye chuſe coffee or tea, ſome hot wine and egg, a little warm punch, or a white negro, ladies and gentlemen?

1ſt Man Paſſ. This is flying, as they ſay—flying to town in one day, as they call it.—Hoiſted into the coach at ten o'clock at night, and ſtuck together as cloſe as dried figs—Here, in ſpite of fatigue, we fall aſleep before midnight, and ſoon after wake with a damned craſh, and find ourſelves canted into a ſlough, by way of a feather-bed—Damn their flying, I ſay—a tight ſhip with plenty of ſea-room is worth forty on't.

Wom. Paſſ. I am ſure it is a ſhame, ſo it is, to ſtuff the coach in the manner they do—ſix inſide paſſengers, two childen in lap—three upon the box—four upon the top of the coach, and half a dozen in the baſket—beſides hardware parcels and haunches of veniſon in the boot and the coach ſeats. Such a load! no wonder the machine ſhould break down or turn over.

Another Wom. Paſſ. Mercy on me! I am in ſuch a pickle, I am aſhamed to be ſeen—and then I ſhall

ſhall never recover my fright. Pray, ma'am, could you get me a little hartſhorn and water?

Landlady. D'ye hear, Chambermaid? why don't you ſtir?—Some hartſhorn and water for the gentlewoman—fly, I ſay!

2d Man Paſſ. Get me ſome mulled wine and a dry toaſt, d'ye hear, you, Sir?—Zounds, how this houſe is altered! It uſed to be one of the beſt inns upon the road—but now there's hardly getting any body to come near one—no attendance—no accommodation!

Landlady. I hopes the gentry will excuſe all faults at preſent—We never were ſo full in our days—we're almoſt hurried out of our lives—every houſe in the town juſt the ſame—all as buſy as bees about the Jubalo.

2d Man Paſſ. Jubalo! I have heard of nothing but Jubilees, and Shakeſpeares, and mulberry-trees, for theſe three months. What the devil is this Jubilee?

Landlady. Lack-a-day, Sir, I can hardly tell you myſelf; but it is one of the fineſt things that ever was ſeen—There is the great little gentleman from London, and I don't know how many painters, and carpenters, and muſicianers, and actor-people, come down on purpoſe—Great doings, I promiſe you.

1ſt Wom.

1ſt Wom. Paſſ. Is there to be any dancing, pray?

Landlady. Oh, yes—abundance of dancing—but begun with going to church, and ſinging of *anthems* and *o-ra-to-ries*, I think they call them—and then there is eating and drinking, and proceſſioning, and maſquerading, and horſe-racing, and fire-works—So gay—and as merry as the day is long.

1ſt Man Paſſ. And the night too, I warrant you, landlady.

Landlady. Oh, ay; a ball and entertainment, every night, your honour.

[*During this ſcene, coffee, tea, &c. handed round to the paſſengers.*

Enter Stage-Coachman.

Coachman. The horſes are put to, gentlefolks.

2d Man Paſſ. By and by—we are coming, maſter Whip!

Coachman. Pleaſe to make a little haſte, my maſter!—this accident has thrown us quite out of our bias, as I may ſay—we ſhall be two hours beyond our time before we get to Woodſtock to-day—The fly from London will wonder what is become on us.

1ſt Man Paſſ. No, no; they'll think we have broke our necks, or they have broken their own necks, mayhap.

Coachman.

Coachman. Ah, heaven bleſs your honour!—you're a merry gentleman.

1ſt Man Paſſ. How many knots d'ye go an hour, brother ſeaman?

Coachman. We goes above ſeven miles an hour—near ſeven and a half—up hill and down, my maſter.

1ſt Man Paſſ. Well—you muſt let out a reef or two this morning, to make up for loſt time—but don't overſet the ſhip again.—But, come—I am purſer to the ſhip's company—what's to pay, mother?

Landlady. Coffee—tea—wine—and bread and butter—five and four-pence, Sir.

1ſt Man Paſſ. There—there's ſix ſhillings.—Good b'wye, mother—I wiſh you a merry Jubalo!

[*Exit Coachman, with Paſſengers.*

Landlady. Kindly welcome, Sir! welcome, ladies! kindly welcome!—[*Bell rings.*] Richard! anſwer to the Magpye! [*Another bell rings.*] Thomas! run up to the Moon!—Chamberlain! [*Exit bawling.*

[*Colonel Frankly left ſitting at table—Re-enter Coachman.*

Coachman. The paſſengers are all in, my maſter!

Frankly. A good journey to them!—I ſhall go

no further with them.—Here's for yourſelf, honeſty!

Coachman. Thank you kindly—heaven bleſs you, maſter! [*Exit.*

Colonel Frankly alone.

So!—Spite of accidents, I have reached the ſcene of action, however.—Charlotte, I reckon, arrived yeſterday.—Her father and mother both endeavouring to counteract each other, and ſhe to baffle both.—If our plan of operations does but ſucceed, I ſhall honour the name of Shakeſpeare more than ever—for to us this celebrity will prove moſt truly a Jubilee.—But who comes here? As I live, that puppy Marcourt.—The enemy, I ſee, is in motion—but the coxcomb little thinks I am his rival—and, what is whimſical enough, always chuſes to make me his confidant—tho' I ſuppoſe he tells me no more than he tells every body elſe.

Enter Marcourt.

Marc. La Fleur! take the baggage off the chaiſe, and come to me immediately.—My dear Frankly! who would have thought of finding you here? What brought you to Stratford upon Avon?

Frankly. The Birmingham ſtage-coach.

Marc. Oh, ridiculous! And what could cram you into a ſtage-coach?

Frankly.

Frankly. An accident—and another accident had like to have thrown me out of it again.—I have been on a recruiting party in Staffordſhire.—Loſing a wheel of my poſt-chaiſe, about ſix miles off, I was glad to get into the ſtage, which I had ſcarce well done when it was overturned. My fellow-travellers are but juſt ſet forward for London.

Marc. Yes—I met the plebeians juſt as I drove into the yard.—I have been on the road all night myſelf, egad. I rattled through Oxford at midnight, loud enough to rouſe all the ſleepy fellows of colleges—and am juſt arrived here, where, I find, nobody can get a bed to ſleep in.

Frankly. And what hurried you ſo?

Marc. Why, you muſt know I ſhould have been here laſt night, at furtheſt—but having promiſed to dine at the Macaroni yeſterday with Rocheſter, Brumpton, and Evergreen—

Frankly. The noblemen of thoſe titles, d'ye mean?

Marc. Yes, to be ſure—but you never mention titles—titles of people you live with. 'Tis not the *ton.* When you ſay plain *Townly*, *Lovelace*, *Ogleby*, and ſo forth, people who live in the world mean the Duke, Marquis, or Lord of the name;

but when we ſay Jack Wilſon, George Belford, Ned Thompſon—and ſo on—we mean a commoner. We ſpeak of peers as peers ſubſcribe themſelves in writing—no chriſtian name—and nothing of the title except the place from which it is taken.

Frankly. I beg your pardon. Proceed.

Marc. Why then, being engaged to dine with them, I ſay, I did not ſet out from Pall-Mall till between eight and nine o'clock.—I loſt ſix hundred before the chaiſe came to the door.

Frankly. Deep play!

Marc. Pho! nothing at all. Lovelace loſt four and thirty hundred to Jack Airy of the guards, at the ſame ſitting. We uſed to ſet ten or twenty, perhaps, ſometime ago—but now, they never make up a *rouleau* of leſs than fifty guineas.—La Fleur! [*calling*] Where is this fellow? I muſt get off my boots.

Frankly. Did you ride any part of the way?

Marc. What, in the dark, and on the road?—Oh, no!—Indeed I hardly ever ride now, but in the ſpring, through the three parks; or to pay viſits.

Frankly. Viſits on horſeback?

Marc. Why not? We all viſit on horſeback ſince the new pavement—and I'm very often out the whole morning without going off the ſtones.—

Take

Take horſe at Hall's ſtables, a ſhort bait at Arthur's —a ſlice of pine-apple, and half-a-dozen of ſcandal and politicks at Betty's—and ſo make the tour of the pariſh of St. James's, through the ſquare, Pall-Mall, Piccadilly—and Hall's ſtables again.—But, La Fleur! Where the deuce is this fellow? I ſha'n't have my hair dreſs'd theſe three hours.

Frankly. Not theſe ſix hours, if one may judge by the quantity.—Is not ſo much hair behind troubleſome?

Marc. Not at all—So far from it, that above half of it is falſe—for in an undreſs, unleſs you have a club as thick as both your doubled-fiſts, you are not fit to be ſeen—but with that, a little French hat cut to the quick, that leaves your face as broad as Harry the Eighth's, an ell of ſhirt-ſleeves hanging over a ſhort half-inch pair of ruffles, a coat powdered half way down your back, a tambour waiſtcoat, white linen breeches, and a taper ſwitch in your hand, your figure, Frankly, muſt be irreſiſtible.

Frankly. Your figure you mean, Marcourt.—But what could prevail on you to exhibit it at Stratford? Do you intend to make one in the pageant, and ſhew yourſelf as one of the characters of Shakeſpeare?

Marc. No, faith; ſuch an original did not exiſt in his days; and the writers of our time have left off drawing other peoples' characters for the ſake of expoſing their own.

Frankly. Well—but your buſineſs here, Marcourt?

Marc. Buſineſs of conſequence, I can tell you, Frankly. One muſt have a wife, you know, if it is only for the pleaſure of getting rid of her.

Frankly. Oh, I conceive you! A matrimonial affair.

Marc. Yes—the old affair with Charlotte.—We have now brought matters to a criſis. Old Croſs and his wife—the father and mother, you know—are always quarreling;—no wonder, therefore, they ſquabble about the choice of a huſband for their daughter.—The mother, who is a kind of a couſin of mine, and is deſirous of bringing the girl into the world, has pitched upon me.

Frankly. A wiſe lady!

Marc. Yes—but the tramontane father——

Frankly. Has choſen ſome other man, I warrant you.

Marc. He has—but who now, of all mankind, d'ye think is, in his idea, a proper huſband for his daughter? That horrid fellow Kitchen.

Frankly.

Frankly. Kitchen! what, the famous *bon vivant?*

Marc. The ſame—a fellow that has not an idea beyond a haunch of veniſon. Kitchen and old Croſs are of a club; and when Mrs. Croſs and he have been wrangling, Kitchen, who is reckoned a joker at the club, puts him into humour again.

Frankly. But he has ſome real pleaſantry, they ſay.

Marc. Not he—dull, dull as colonel Grin, who has got Joe Miller by heart, and is always teazing you with a ſtory.—No *ſplaſh* in the world—His converſation is all table-talk, made up of eating and drinking. He is a mere walking larder. His mind is a great pantry, from which he is always ſerving up ſome choice diſhes for the entertainment of his friends and acquaintance.

Frankly. But has not he been able to render himſelf a formidable rival?

Marc. Formidable! ridiculous—no, no—the father is his friend indeed,—but the mother knows reaſon—and then the girl is ſo fond—poor thing! ſhe doats on me to diſtraction—pretends to join in old Croſs's deſigns in favour of Kitchen, but holds a privy council with the mother and me, and turns every motion to my advantage.—Now, this it is, Frankly, that brings me poſt to Stratford.—The

father, you muſt know—but mum! here comes Kitchen himſelf—I knew we ſhould meet—but I am prepared for him.—I ſhall ſnap the delicious morſel out of his mouth, I promiſe him.

Enter Kitchen and Landlord.

Kitchen. What! the gout?—hands and feet, honeſt Landlord? Your wine is not ſound, I am afraid.

Landlord. As any in England, Sir.

Kitchen. Well—let me have ſome refreſhment then—I have met with nothing good upon the road, ſince the rolls and trout at Uxbridge. Every where elſe, plague take them, they gave me nothing but cow beef, ram mutton, red veal, ſtale eggs, and white bacon.

Landlord. You will find the beſt of every thing here, Sir.—We never hear any complaints—and at preſent we have made large proviſions on account of the Jubilee.

Kitchen. So you had need, Landlord; for you ſeem to have an army to eat them up.

Marc. Prithee, Landlord, what is this Jubilee?—Mr. Kitchen, your humble ſervant.

Kitchen. Your ſervant, Sir. [*Diſtant civility on both ſides—conceitedly on the part of Marcourt, and rough on that of Kitchen.*

Landlord.

Landlord. The Jubilee, Sir, is on account of our famous townſman, Shakeſpeare—the great play-writer, that wrote King Lear and his three daughters, and Othello Moor of Venice. They ſay he loved veniſon—and, Heaven bleſs him! he has ſet many a haunch going in our houſe—the town is brim-full of company.

Marc. If it is a Jubilee, it muſt be nonſenſical. —I was at the Jubilee at Rome ſome years ago.

Landlord. Oh, this is quite another thing, I believe, Sir. There is no popery in our Jubilee, though it began with going to church, they ſay.

Kitchen. I never knew any of our travelled fine gentlemen that did not draw compariſons between things totally oppoſite. Between antient Rome and this country, there might be ſome reſemblance; but modern Italy is no more to be compared to Old England, than a ſirloin of beef to a ſpoonful of macaroni.

Marc. How ſhould a man talk of things abroad, who has paſt his whole life at home? You will allow us, Mr. Kitchen, to be more competent judges, who have travelled, and ſkimmed the cream of Europe.

Kitchen. I can travel to more advantage than moſt of you, without ſtirring out of my elbow-chair.—I can digeſt what I read, and chew the cud

cud of reflection upon it.—As for you fine gentlemen, you ſkim the cream of Europe, as you ſay, and bring home nothing but froth, and whipt-ſillabub.

Marc. Well ſaid, John Bull!—You like Shakeſpeare now, I warrant you?

Kitchen. Like him? I adore him! No man of ſenſe, and true taſte can do otherwiſe.

Marc. Ay, I thought ſo. You prefer his puns and quibbles to the wit and humour of Moliere, I ſuppoſe.

Kitchen. No, Sir.—Bigotry is not the growth of this country, in literature any more than religion. Puns and quibbles were the vicious taſte of the times; and if they made their way into the pulpit, no wonder that they were to be met with on the ſtage. I hate a forced chaſe of puns and little conceits, as much as you can do.—Sheer wit is like ſheer wine—but a pun or a quibble—rot it—a pun is nothing but gingling the glaſſes.

Marc. Oh! they are not the only faults of his barbarous farces—as uncouth a medley to preſent to this age as a pageant or a puppet-ſhow.—No foreigner can endure him.

Kitchen. They can't taſte him, becauſe they don't underſtand him.

Marc. They can underſtand him well enough to

to be ſhocked at his abſurdities. A baby in the firſt act become a grown perſon in the laſt—plays made out of halfpenny ballads—ghoſts and grave-diggers, witches and hobgoblins! Brutus and Caſſius converſing like a couple of Engliſh common-councilmen—Hamlet killing a rat—and Othello raving about an old pocket-handkerchief.—There's your Shakeſpeare for you!

Kitchen. Now I ſhould have been ſure you had travelled, if I had not known it before. This is a mere haſh of foreign criticiſm, as falſe as ſuperficial, and made up of envy and ignorance.—Shakeſpeare, Mr. Marcourt—Shakeſpeare is the turtle of literature. The lean of him may perhaps be worſe than the lean of any other meat;—but there is a deal of green fat, which is the moſt delicious ſtuff in the world.

Frankly. Indeed, Marcourt, I think the gentleman is too hard for you.

Kitchen. A cruſt for the criticks! that's all.

Marc. Never mind it. I ſhall be too hard for him preſently.

Kitchen. I underſtand you—but I don't believe it. Charlotte has no taſte for foreign cookery.

Marc. Then ſhe has leſs taſte than I imagine—The family are now at Stratford.—Where do they lodge, Landlord?

Landlord.

Landlord. Whom does your honour mean?

Marc. Mr. Croſs and his family.

Landlord. They have taken a whole houſe near the new hall, Sir.

Marc. I'll tell you what, Mr. Kitchen—I'll give you a hundred pounds to receive a thouſand on my marriage with Charlotte.

Kitchen. With all my heart; and I'll lay you a hogſhead of claret you never marry her at all.

Marc. Done.

Kitchen. And done again.—And if you have a mind for any other bet, this gentleman ſhall hold the ſtakes.

Frankly. Have a care I don't run away with them!

Kitchen. Never fear!

Marc. Come then!—firſt to dreſs, and then for the Signora!

Kitchen. And I ſay, firſt for a little refreſhment.—Ceres and Bacchus are the warmeſt friends of Venus.—I never found that love took away my ſtomach. [*Exeunt ſeverally.*

ACT II.

SCENE, *an apartment in Croſs's houſe—Mr. and Mrs. Croſs at breakfaſt. They ſit ſilent ſome time.*

Croſs.

WELL! am I to have another diſh of tea or no, Mrs. Croſs?

Mrs. Croſs. Lord, Mr. Croſs! I wonder you did not find fault that I had not poured out the ſecond diſh before you drank the firſt!

Croſs. Pſhaw! [*throwing a ſlice of bread and butter on the plate.*

Mrs. Croſs. What's the matter now, Mr. Croſs?

Croſs. Matter!—the bread's bad—the butter's rank—and the tea as coarſe as chopt hay.—It's a ſtrange thing one can never have a comfortable breakfaſt!

Mrs. Croſs. There is no ſuch thing as comfort, wherever you are. The bread is as good bread as ever was taſted—the butter's as ſweet as a violet—and the tea is the beſt ſixteen-ſhilling green in the world; but in town it's juſt the ſame thing—you do nothing but find fault there too—though I have

I have my ſugar from Fenchurch-ſtreet—my tea from the Graſshopper—and the beſt Epping-butter from the corner of Savile-row.

Croſs. Ay; you have your particular place for every thing—Not becauſe it's better, but becauſe it's the faſhion. You would ſooner give a crown a yard more for a ſilk than buy it any where but on Ludgate-Hill—But I am never in the right in any thing—I dare ſay now you will inſiſt upon it, that this room is not damp—though I can ſwear it was not dry when I came down this morning—I ſhall catch my death of cold, I ſuppoſe.

Mrs. Croſs. Lord!—you're ſo delicate—You may think yourſelf very well off to have a good houſe over your head, when ſo many people are glad to lie in a hayloft, and to lodge their ſervants in landaus and poſt-chaiſes.

Croſs. Well, it's no matter—I deſerve it—what the plague had I to do at Stratford?—Such a ridiculous journey! I wonder how I could be ſuch a blockhead as to give into it—And as for yourſelf too, you care no more for Shakeſpeare, than I for the pope of Rome.

Mrs. Croſs. And what does that ſignify, as to going to the Jubilee? Are not all the people of condition round the country to be here? Shakeſpeare

is

is nothing to the purpoſe; I would not ſee the fineſt play the man ever wrote but in a ſide-box —And one only goes into the ſide-box, becauſe it's going into the beſt company.

Croſs. Yes, that's reaſon enough for you to do any thing—Becauſe a counteſs, who has a range of rooms as long as Pall-Mall, gets the whole town together at her route—You muſt have a route too, and ſqueeze all your acquaintance into two cloſets and a cupboard—Nay, laſt winter, when the town ran maſquerade-mad, you got a ridiculous party of about eighteen or twenty fops and flirts, to make fools of themſelves, and called it a maſquerade.

Mrs. Croſs. I am ſure every body admired the ſtile of the illumination—and then neither Negri nor Robinſon ever ſet out a more elegant ſide-board —Lady Frankair called it Mrs. Cornelys' in miniature—But you have no notion of any thing that's genteel—You are not fit to live among the world.

Croſs. The world! zounds, madam, does your map of the world comprehend only two pariſhes? —The inhabitants of which laugh at all the reſt for aping them!—Don't you ſee that this narrow circle that you call *the world*, deſpiſe all you that are out of it, and want to force your way into it?

it? Are not they perpetually running away from you? And are not they carrying London to Hampſtead and Highgate, on purpoſe to get rid of you?

Mrs. Croſs. This is all mere ſcandal and malice —It is very well known that I ſee none but the firſt people—And if you had not affronted Sir Peter Levee, he would have engaged to make Charlotte a maid of honour.

Croſs. And I'll make her what moſt maids of honour would wiſh to be—The wife of a man of good ſenſe, with a handſome fortune.

Mrs. Croſs. Not of Mr. Kitchen, I hope.

Croſs. And why not Mr. Kitchen, madam?

Mrs. Croſs. He had better marry his cook-maid —a wretch!—He never mixes with a perſon of faſhion, except by chance at Bath, where he goes to recover his digeſtion after having over-eat himſelf.

Croſs. And that flimſy piece of quality-binding, Marcourt, is always running after a title, like a child after a butterfly—He is a mere lord-hunter, and loſes all the little ſenſe and money he has in the purſuit.

Mrs. Croſs. Nobody deſpiſes good company, but thoſe that have not accompliſhments to qualify themſelves to get into it. Mr. Marcourt ſees every body—

body—ſubſcribes to Almack's, and (the firſt vacant borough) my lord Neverout will bring him into parliament.

Croſs. With all my heart; ſo as the puppy does not put himſelf up as a candidate for my daughter.

Mrs. Croſs. I am ſure, if ever ſhe has any thing to ſay to that Mr. Kitchen, ſhe deſerves to be confined for a mad woman.

Croſs. There are a great many mad women, that are not confined at all.

Mrs. Croſs. And there is ſuch a thing as a melancholy mad man, who is of all others, the moſt miſerable in himſelf, and the moſt ſhocking to other people.

Croſs. Don't provoke me, Mrs. Croſs! don't provoke me! You know I can't bear it.

Mrs. Croſs. What's the matter with the man? Have I ſaid a ſingle thing to give you the leaſt provocation? I won't ſpeak another word.

[*They ſit ſilent a little while.*

Croſs. A puppy! [*muttering.*

Mrs. Croſs. Ti tum dum! [*humming.*

Croſs. A coxcombical fellow that— [*muttering.*

Mrs. Croſs. Li tum ti—— [*humming.*

Croſs. A provoking woman!

Mrs. Croſs. Tum ti tum tee—— [*humming.*

Croſs. Zounds! there's no bearing this uſage—

I have a good mind to order the chaiſe, and ſet out for London immediately.

Mrs. Croſs. Lord, Mr. Croſs, why do you put yourſelf ſo much out of temper? am not I as quiet as a lamb?

Croſs. You know—you know, Mrs. Croſs, that this cool inſolence is ten times more provoking than paſſion—But I'll ſay no more to you—I am a fool to mind your nonſenſe. [*takes a paper and reads.*

Mrs. Croſs. [*after a little while.*] Will you have any more tea, Mr. Croſs?

Croſs. No. [*without looking off the paper.*

Mrs. Croſs. Shall I ſend away the things?

Croſs. Pſhaw! [*turns round in his chair.*

Mrs. Croſs. John! [*Servant enters.*] take away the tea-things!

Croſs. Let them alone!

Mrs. Croſs. Why, have not you done breakfaſt, Mr. Croſs?

Croſs. No.

Servant. Mr. Kitchen, Sir, is juſt come to wait on you.

Mrs. Croſs. Pho!

Croſs. Mr. Kitchen! Shew him up immediately! [*Exit Servant—Mrs. Croſs following.*] Stay, madam! I inſiſt upon your not leaving the room.

Mrs.

Mrs. Croſs. What ſhould I ſtay for? I have nothing to ſay to him.

Croſs. I don't care—I won't have him affronted.

[*Mrs. Croſs throws herſelf into a chair.*

Enter Kitchen.

Croſs. My dear friend!

Kitchen. Sir, I am heartily glad to ſee you—Madam, your moſt humble ſervant!

[*to Mrs. Croſs.*

Mrs. Croſs. Your ſervant, Sir. [*Pouting.*

Croſs. Well—but where's your ſervant and your portmanteau?

Kitchen. At the White Lion.

Croſs. Oh, you muſt order them here—you muſt be with us during the Jubilee; we have a very good room for you.

Re-enter Servant.

Servant. Mr. Marcourt, madam, is come to wait on you.

Mrs. Croſs. Oh, I am glad of it—ſhew him into my dreſſing-room; I'll wait on him there—Mr. Kitchen, your humble ſervant. [*Exit haſtily.*

Kitchen. Your ſervant, madam.

Croſs. Harkye, John!

Servant. [*Returning.*] Sir!

Croſs. Tell my daughter Charlotte to come here.

Servant. Yes, Sir. [*Exit.*

Kitchen. Well, Sir, I have obeyed your orders, you ſee.—I have croſſed the country from the Weſt of England, on purpoſe to attend you.—Colonel Cramwell, Lord Pepper, and two or three more of us, have been on a coaſting party.—It has been a delightful ſummer; and I think I never knew the whitings, turbots, brills, red mullets, and John Dories, in higher perfection.

Croſs. I am moſt heartily glad to ſee you, Mr. Kitchen; and this meeting will, I think, be deciſive.—Our ſchemes are now ripe for execution. I have humoured my wife in this ridiculous journey, merely becauſe it gave me a better opportunity of thwarting her in the grand point of Charlotte's marriage.—This houſe, you muſt know, has been taken in our name for this month, under the pretence of attending this Jubilee—but *really* in order to make the family pariſhioners—by which means the banns have been aſked, as the law requires, between you and Charlotte—and the miniſter is prepared to perform the ceremony this very morning.

Kitchen. But is Miſs Charlotte prepared for it?

Croſs.

Croſs. Perfectly—Charlotte is a ſhrewd clever girl—and tho' ſhe carries it fair with her mother, will do every thing that I bid her, and is wholly in your intereſt.—Oh, here ſhe is!

Enter Charlotte.

Come hither, Charlotte! I have once more the pleaſure of preſenting Mr. Kitchen to you, and by and by I hope you will receive him as my ſon-in-law.

Charl. Don't you think, Sir, I have a hard taſk of it between you and my mama? Your commands are as oppoſite as North and South, and yet you both expect to be obeyed.

Croſs. Never tell me—I am maſter of the family—it is her duty to honour and obey; and I am reſolved to be abſolute.

Charl. Ah, my dear papa! your inſiſting ſo eternally upon your right, is the very thing that renders it ſo difficult to maintain it. All women love power; and the beſt way of ſecuring their obedience, is to tell them that they govern you.

Croſs. Did not I ſay, ſhe was a ſhrewd girl, Mr. Kitchen?

Kitchen. The young lady is perfectly in the right. A wife is like a trout; ſhe muſt be tickled, Mr. Croſs.

Croſs. Well—but have you prepared matters? How do you propoſe to manage it?

Charl. Juſt as I have managed every thing elſe: while my mama ſuppoſes I approve of her choice, ſhe has no ſuſpicion of my favouring your own—but what d'ye think ſhe would ſay, if I were to tell her that Mr. Marcourt was my averſion?—I have never dropt a ſingle word to her in behalf of Mr. Kitchen.

Croſs. Well, well—that may be right enough, perhaps.—But no wonder that Marcourt's your averſion. He's one of the moſt empty, feather-headed coxcombs in town.

Kitchen. An inſipid fellow, madam!—neither pepper nor ſalt in him.

Croſs. True. My daughter has not the leaſt reliſh for him.—But, Charlotte! won't it be difficult to carry on this affair in the midſt of ſo much company?

Charl. Oh no! the more the merrier, Sir.

Kitchen. But the fewer the better chear, madam.

Charl. Not in this inſtance, Sir. This Jubilee is a fortunate circumſtance. One is never ſo private as in a croud, you know.

Kitchen. Why, that's true. Intrigues carried on in the face of the world are always leaſt liable to

detection

detection—and now-a-days moſt people ſeem to act upon that principle.

Charl. A truce with your ſatire, Sir; for we are not to act barefaced, I aſſure you: and the Jubilee concluding with a maſquerade affords us an admirable opportunity—Do you—Lord, I'm a mad girl—I was going to make an aſſignation with you before my father's face.

Croſs. Do! do—I inſiſt on it.

Charl. Why then, I ſhall ſlip on my dreſs, which is a blue Turkiſh habit, directly after dinner, and in that I ſhall expect you about ſeven o'clock.

Kitchen. I am a Turk, if I do not attend you.

Charl. Take care I don't find you a baſhaw.

Kitchen. A downright Engliſh huſband, I promiſe you.—No water-drinking religion for me, madam; I ſhall break the laws of Mahomet this very evening, and toaſt your health in a bumper of the moſt generous wine to be found in the town of Stratford.

Croſs. Temperance! temperance 'till after to-morrow, I beſeech you, Mr. Kitchen! After that, you may drink up the Avon.

Kitchen. I would not give a guinea a ton for it—Shakeſpeare upon the banks, and the perch out of the ſtream, are all I want of it.

Croſs. But come—we muſt bid Charlotte good-morrow—I'll attend you to the inn, and order your ſervant and baggage up hither.

Charl. What will mama ſay to that?

Croſs. I don't care what ſhe ſays; I will have it ſo.

Charl. How! relapſing already, papa? Mama muſt not be made uneaſy, for many reaſons—ſo don't be angry or jealous if I take very little notice of you to-day, Mr. Kitchen.

Kitchen. No! but, to-morrow morning—ay, and to-morrow evening—Oh, that the doctor had but ſaid grace! The very thought creates an appetite.

[*Exeunt Croſs and Kitchen.*

Charlotte alone.

Charl. I don't know a young lady with more buſineſs upon her hands than myſelf. My father and his friend to treat with on one hand, my mother and her dainty quater-couſin to negotiate with on the other—and all the while, like a true miniſter, to attend to nothing but my own ſeparate intereſt! It puts me in mind of ſome of the road-poſts I ſaw upon our journey, pointing three ways at once.

Lett. [*Peeping in.*] Is the coaſt clear?

Charl.

Charl. I am all alone. What's the matter, Lettice?

Lett. Only a letter from Colonel Frankly.

Charl. He is arrived, I hope.

Lett. Safe arrived, madam. He is at the White Lion.

Charl. But where is the letter!

Lett. Bleſs me! I have not loſt it ſure—oh, no! here it is, ma'am!—[*gives the letter, which Charlotte reads while Lettice is talking.*] Ah, you may take your leave of love-letters now. Marriage makes a wonderful alteration in ſtile and ſentiment.—The letters of married people are like your papa's and mama's converſation.

Charl. Well—I hope nobody ſaw it delivered to you?

Lett. Nobody but your ſiſter Sally. Ah, ſhe's a ſly little urchin! tho' ſhe is but a few years younger than you, ſhe has cut all her eye-teeth, I aſſure you, madam. She aſked me, if that was not colonel Frankly's livery—and then ſhe looked as cunning and roguiſh—ſhe knows what's what, I promiſe you, madam.—Here the little romp comes.

Enter

Enter Sally, running.

Sally. Oh ſiſter, ſiſter! I am come to give you joy, ſiſter.

Charl. Joy! of what, my dear?

Sally. Colonel Frankly is arrived, ſiſter!

Charl. Well! and what's that to me? why ſhould you wiſh me joy upon that account?

Sally. Oh, I know why well enough—I am no more a fool than my elder ſiſter.

Charl. What does the child mean?

Sally. Child indeed! you were no ſimpleton at my age, I warrant you, ſiſter.

Charl. And what then?

Sally. Come, come! I ſee you are afraid of me—but you need not, I promiſe you—and I ſhall have ten times more pleaſure in helping you out, than I could poſſibly have in telling papa and mama.

Lett. Ah! you're a rare one! you'll make a fine young lady one of theſe days, I warrant you.

Sally. You truſt Lettice here, I know well enough; and you had better truſt me too, I can tell you, ſiſter. Nay, ſuppoſing I could do you no good, it is in my power to do you a great deal of miſchief.

Charl. What! do you threaten me, then?

Sally. No, indeed and indeed, I don't, ſiſter. If I knew

I knew all your ſecrets, I would not hurt you for the world.

Lett. And will you be a good little girl now—and tell nobody—and do every thing we bid you?

Sally. That I will—Tell me all, and if I tell papa or mama, or any body elſe, I wiſh I may die, ſiſter!

Lett. E'en tell her, ma'am! She loves a little roguery to her heart—and then ſhe is ſuch an arch little ſoul, I think ſhe may be of uſe—I have cut out ſome buſineſs for her already.

Sally. I am glad of it—For goodneſs-ſake, let me know it—I'll play my part as well as any of you.

Lett. Ay, I'll be bound for you.

Sally. Well—Colonel Frankly is a charming man, to be ſure—and as my elder ſiſter has a colonel, I think I have a right to a captain.

Charl. Huſh, my dear; you will be overheard by the family.

Sally. No, I ſha'n't—Papa is juſt gone out with Mr. Kitchen, and mama is in her dreſſing-room with Mr. Marcourt. She deſires to ſee you there as ſoon as the proceſſion is over.

Charl. I know her buſineſs, and can ſcarce bear the thoughts of it. How diſagreeable it is to live in a ſtate of perpetual diſſimulation with both my parents!

Lett.

Lett. Never mind it, ma'am! never mind it!—It is entirely their own faults. They have each of them encouraged and adviſed you to practiſe deceit; and neither of them can blame you for following their inſtructions.

Charl. Ah, Lettice, it is a poor apology for our faults, to excuſe them by thoſe of other people.

Lett. Their conduct is an excuſe for every thing.—They adviſe you to diſſemble to bring their ſchemes to bear—and you take their advice in order to compaſs you own.

Sally. But come, Lettice—Why don't you tell me what I am to do? I long to be buſy.

Lett. We may be interrupted here. Come into your ſiſter's room—You muſt tell a little fib or two.

Sally. Oh, let me alone! I ſhall not be at a loſs for that, I warrant you.—Lord, how grave you look, ſiſter!

Charl. My dear, don't you think I have ſome reaſon?

Sally. Reaſon! no indeed—Are not you going to be married?—Well, you eldeſt daughters have a fine time of it, to take place of your younger ſiſters in every thing—but no matter—I ſhall grow older and older every day, you know.

Charl. Go, you little madcap!

Sally.

Sally. I ſhall dance at your wedding, I promiſe yo[u].

Lett. Hold your tongue, you little devil you!

Sally. [*Singing.*]

Well, well, ſay no more!
Sure you told me before,
I prithee, go talk to your parrot, your parrot;
I'm not ſuch an elf,
Tho' I ſay it myſelf,
But I know a ſheep's head from a carrot, a carrot!

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE,

SCENE, *a ſtreet in Stratford; on one ſide, the houſe wherein Shakeſpeare was born.*

The PAGEANT,
Exhibiting the characters of Shakeſpeare.

Martial Muſick.

ROMAN CHARACTERS.

Soldiers——two by two.
Faſces.
Trophies——S. P. Q. R. &c.

CORIOLANUS.
Roman Ladies——diſhevelled.

JULIUS CÆSAR.
The Roman Eagle.
Brutus and Caſſius——bearing daggers.

Soft Muſick.

ANTONY and CLEOPATRA.
Charmion and Iras.

Grand

Grand Muſick.

ENGLISH CHARACTERS.

KING JOHN.

Conſtance, Prince Arthur, and Hubert.

RICHARD the THIRD.

Edward the Sixth——and duke of York.

HARRY the EIGHTH.

Cardinal Wolſey.

Coronation Anthem.

Anne Bullen under coronation canopy.

Attendants.

Magical Muſick, " *Above, about, and underneath.*"

PROSPERO.

Miranda and Ferdinand.

Drunken Sailors.

Trinculo and Caliban.

Ariel.

Dæmons and other Spirits.

Macbeth's Muſick.

HECATE.

Witches——two by two.

The two Baby Spirits.——One with a crown, the other with a bough.

Fairy

Fairy Muſick.

OBERON and TITANIA in a nutſhe
Other Fairies.

Solemn Muſick.

The TRAGICK MUSE.

OTHELLO and DESDEMONA.

GHOST in HAMLET.
Hamlet, following the Ghoſt, with his ſword drawn.
Ophelia in her madneſs.

LEAR and CORDELIA.

JACHIMO.
POSTHUMUS and IMOGEN.
Bellarius between the two brothers.

MACBETH, with daggers bloody.
Banquo's Ghoſt.
Lady Macbeth, with the candle.

FRIAR LAWRENCE.

Dead march in Saul.

Juliet's bier. Attendants.

Allegro.

Allegro.

THE COMICK MUSE.

Shallow and Silence.
Slender and Dr. Caius.
Ford, Sir Hugh Evans, and Page.
Mrs. Quickly and Piſtol.
Bardolph and Nym.
Mrs. Ford, Falſtaff, and Mrs. Page.

TOUCHSTONE and LANCELOT.

MALVOLIO, croſs-gartered.

Andante.

FLORIZEL and PERDITA.
Autolicus.

ANTONIO and BASSANIO.
Portia and Neriſſa (as Lawyers).
Shylock—with knife, ſcales, and bond.

Flouriſh.

DRAMATICK TROPHIES.

PEGASUS.

APOLLO.

The Car (drawn by the Muſes) containing the Buſt of SHAKESPEARE, crowned by TIME and FAME, And attended by the THREE GRACES. Cupids, Satyrs, Bacchanals, &c.

AIR. By Mrs. MATTOCKS.

I.

Sweeteſt Bard that ever ſung,
Nature's glory, Fancy's child;
Never ſure did witching tongue,
Warble forth ſuch wood-notes wild!

II.

Come each Muſe, and ſiſter Grace,
Loves and Pleaſures, hither come;
Well you know this happy place:
Avon's banks were once your home.

III.

Bring the laurel, bring the flow'rs,
Songs of triumph to him raiſe!
He united all your pow'rs,
All uniting, ſing his praiſe!

Ode on Dedicating a Building to Shakeſpeare.

ACT

ACT III.

Charlotte and Sally meeting Lettice.—Charlotte in a pink domino—Lettice in a blue Turkiſh habit.

Lettice.

WELL! have you been with your mama and Mr. Marcourt, madam?

Charl. I have.

Lett. And what have you done?

Charl. Told them every thing that paſt between me and my papa.

Lett. Indeed!

Charl. To be ſure. I have done ſo all along, you know; and this has inſpired ſo much confidence on each ſide, that neither one nor the other entertain the leaſt ſuſpicion of my deceiving them both.

Lett. But how have you ſettled matters, madam?

Charl. I think, very cleverly. Mr. Marcourt has ſuggeſted to my mama, that that there is nothing ſo much like a perſon of faſhion, as to receive

maſks at your own houſe before going to the public maſquerade: So our doors are to be thrown open to all Stratford. You are (as we ſettled at firſt) to amuſe Mr. Kitchen in that habit; and I am, as my mama ſuppoſes, to go off with Mr. Marcourt in this.

Lett. But your mama will find herſelf ſadly deceived.

Sally. Yes; I am to manage that, Lettice. My ſiſter has given me my cue—and never truſt me, if I don't make a fool of him.

Lett. Oh, I don't doubt you.

Charl. All we want at preſent is a little time, Lettice. Colonel Frankly, you may be ſure, will be here. The other parties muſt be put upon a wrong ſcent, and in the mean while I ſhall give my hand to the colonel, which my papa and mama have ſeverally deſtined to Mr. Marcourt and Mr. Kitchen.

Lett. But how am I to treat Mr. Kitchen?

Charl. Why thus—Ha! yonder comes Mr. Marcourt. Come into the next room, Lettice, and I'll explain every thing—Now remember your inſtructions, Sally!

Sally. Let me alone! go, and give Lettice her leſſon: I am perfect in mine.

Lett.

Lett. Ay, you are an apt ſcholar, I'll warrant you.

Charl. Well! ſucceſs attend you! Come, Lettice!

[*Exeunt Charl. and Lett.*

Sally alone.

Sally. Now for as many fibs as I ever told my mama or my governeſs! Here the gentleman comes —full of pride and conceit. He is a pretty man too; but I don't like him half ſo well as colonel Frankly.

Enter Marcourt.

Marc. Ha! my little puppet! what do you do here all alone, my dear?

Sally. Nothing at all, not I, Sir.

Marc. You ſeem dull, my dear. Come, let us chatter a little, and that will put you in ſpirits.

Sally. Will it? why, what will you ſay to me, Sir?

Marc. Say to you? I'll tell you you're as handſome as a little angel.

Sally. Ah! but do you really believe ſo, Sir?

Marc. Yes, indeed do I—I could almoſt find in my heart to make love to you.

Sally. Oh, but they ſay I am too little yet awhile —but have a little patience, and I ſhall be as tall as my ſiſter.

Marc. That you will very ſoon, my little dear!

and when I am married to your ſiſter, I'll take care to get you a huſband.

Sally. Oh dear! you married to my ſiſter! When will that be, I wonder?

Marc. Very ſoon, my dear! to-day, or to-morrow, perhaps.

Sally. To-morrow come-never, I believe.

Marc. Why ſo, my dear?

Sally. Ah, you want to pump me. But I muſt not tell tales, you know. I ſhall be huffed if I do.

Marc. Egad, I may be tricked here—[*Aſide.*] Well, but, my little dear, you may tell *me*—You ſhall come to no harm, I promiſe you.

Sally. And won't you ſay that I told you?

Marc. No: I'll ſwear——

Sally. Oh dear! don't you ſwear: that's naughty, and will frighten me.

Marc. Well—upon my honour then, nobody ſhall know that you told me.

Sally. But is there nobody liſtening?

Marc. Not a creature—we're all alone—Come now! hide nothing from me; there's a good little foul!

Sally. Why then—you are impoſed upon, Sir.

Marc. Ay? egad, I was afraid ſo—but how? how, my dear?

Sally. As they think I am but a child, they don't mind what they ſay before me—ſo I hear all their contrivances.

Marc. Well! what are they?

Sally. It made me mad to think they ſhould abuſe ſuch a charming pretty gentleman, as you are. I am ſure, if I was my ſiſter, I ſhould like you a thouſand times better than Mr. Kitchen.

Marc. What a ſenſible little creature it is!—There's a good child!—but what were the contrivances you were ſpeaking of?

Sally. For my ſiſter to go off with Mr. Kitchen, and be married to him.

Marc. Ay! how?

Sally. In a blue Turkiſh habit.

Marc. Oh, I know that.

Sally. No, indeed, but you don't, Sir. I know what you think well enough. I heard my ſiſter ſay that ſhe had fairly told mama and you, that ſhe had ſettled it ſo with papa, only to throw you the more off your guard, and make you believe ſhe would go along with you in a pink domino. I pretended to be for Mr. Marcourt, ſays ſhe: But indeed, ſays ſhe, I ſhall do as my papa would have me, for all that. I'll put on the blue Turkiſh habit, and go with Mr. Kitchen.

Marc. So, ſo! I am to be bubbled then.

Sally. That you will, if you don't look after the lady in the Turkiſh habit, I can tell you, Sir.

Marc. Oh, I ſhall take care, I warrant you.

Sally. Ay, you know all their ſecrets now; but if you ſay I told you, I'll never let you know any thing again.

Marc. Never fear, my dear.—I'll blow up all their plots, and pretend I diſcovered them by accident.

Sally. Do, do!—But I muſt leave you now, Sir; for if my ſiſter, or papa, or Lettice, ſhould ſee us together, they may ſuſpect ſomething.

Marc. So they may—but before you go, let me give you one kiſs for your intelligence!

Sally. Oh, no! I muſt not kiſs the gentlemen.

Marc. Go, you little coquet, you!

Sally. However, I'll make you one of my beſt dancing curtſies.

Marc. Oh, your ſervant, miſs!

[*She makes him a low curtſy—but as he turns away, holds up her hands and laughs at him—He turns ſuddenly towards her—ſhe calls up a grave look, makes him another low curtſy, and runs away romping.*

Marcourt alone.

A lucky diſcovery this—and very whimſically made too—Fools and children always ſpeak the truth;

they ſay—But Charlotte cannot ſeriouſly prefer Kitchen to me—I think I may venture to ſay that's impoſſible—No! She has given into this, merely to oblige her father, and will be happy to ſee his intentions defeated. I'll about it inſtantly—It ſhall be done, my dear, on purpoſe to oblige you. [*Exit.*

A hall.

Enter Mrs. Croſs and Lettice.

Mrs. Croſs. Well, I declare I am quite delighted with this idea of Mr. Marcourt's, of receiving maſks at home. It is ſo much in the ſtile of people of condition—The gentility of it pleaſes me almoſt as much as contradicting my huſband.

Lett. It is a great happineſs that maſquerades are coming into faſhion again. It gives a lady a fine opportunity of having her own way, to be ſure, ma'am.

Mrs. Croſs. So it does, Lettice, as Mr. Croſs ſhall experience. Charlotte has followed my directions, I hope?

Lett. To a tittle, ma'am—You ſee I am ready dreſs'd for the purpoſe.

Mrs. Croſs. Very well. I ſhall have witneſſes of my triumph too—That will be charming. Is every thing ready in the apartments to receive the company?

Lett.

Lett. Every thing, ma'am.

Mrs. Croſs. Have they moved the partition between the fore and back room?

Lett. They have, ma'am.

Mrs. Croſs. Have they ſtuck the ends of *ſpermaceti* in the girandoles? And have you ſent to the apothecary's for a ſufficient quantity of cream of tartar to make lemonade?

Lett. Your orders have been exactly obeyed, ma'am.

Mrs. Croſs. Mighty well. You know I die, if I have not every thing in the higheſt ſtile—If I give but a plate of bread and butter, I give it like a perſon of condition. But I muſt go, and do the honours of the houſe—I ſee ſome maſks going into the yellow room—I have ſent cards to every body one knows that's at Stratford—And I expect a member of parliament with his wife and daughters, the dowager lady Codille, Sir Thomas Frippery, and a Yellow admiral—Be ſure you take care, Lettice! [*Exit.*

Lettice alone.

Lett. Yes; I ſhall take care of more than you are aware, I promiſe you, madam—How happy the old gentlewoman makes herſelf, in her ſucceſs, as ſhe fancies it! My maſter is in the very ſame

caſe—And my young lady too much for them both. Surely, there muſt be ſome very extraordinary pleaſure in a man's plaguing his wife, and a woman's tormenting her huſband. My maſter and miſtreſs think of nothing elſe. They are like flint and ſteel, perpetually ſtriking fire out of each other—Oh, here comes Mr. Kitchen—As true to his appointment, as if it was an invitation to turtle or veniſon —Now for a little maſquerade frolick!

[*Puts on her maſk.*

Enter Kitchen.

Kitchen. Your ſervant, madam!

Lett. Your ſervant, good Sir!

[*Pulling off her maſk.*

Kitchen. What! is it you, Mrs. Lettice? I thought it had been miſs Charlotte.

Lett. No, Sir; my miſtreſs could not poſſibly come herſelf—And ſo ſhe has ſent me in her place.

Kitchen. I am obliged to you for coming; but I have been ſworn at Highgate, Mrs. Lettice, and never take the maid inſtead of the miſtreſs.

Lett. But I ſuppoſe you have no objection to take the maid in order to get at the miſtreſs?

Kitchen. No, no! But what's the meaning of all this? How came you here in that habit?

Lett.

Lett. I'll tell you, Sir. Mrs. Croſs, you know, is as much ſet againſt you, as my maſter is your friend—And my young lady has a ſad time with them both together, poor ſoul!

Kitchen. So ſhe has, and yet ſhe manages them pretty well too. She mixes with them as kindly as an egg between oil and vinegar.

Lett. Why, ſhe muſt ſeem to oblige my old lady; but her inclinations are entirely with you and her papa.

Kitchen. Yes, yes, I know that, Letti-a.

Lett. But to make ſhort of my ſtory, Sir; her mama having unluckily diſcovered that Miſs Charlotte had promiſed to meet you in this habit, inſiſts on my putting it on, dreſſes her daughter in a pink domino, and ſends her to meet Mr. Marcourt.

Kitchen. The devil!

Lett. Patience, Sir; my young lady has turned all this to your advantage.

Kitchen. By what means?

Lett. She has contrived to make Mr. Marcourt imagine he is impoſed upon. Her little ſiſter, who is as ſharp as a needle, has been ſet to tell him, that Miſs Charlotte ſtill intends to meet you in this habit. This puts him upon a falſe train—ſends him in purſuit of me—and in the mean

while

while you are to give my miſtreſs the meeting near the great booth, Sir.

Kitchen. Excellent! I'll away this very inſtant.

Lett. Stay, ſir. As I live, yonder comes Mr. Marcourt. If he ſees you leave me ſo abruptly, he will hardly take me for my young miſtreſs. Suppoſe you ſeem to have me under your care, and wait a few moments for a favourable opportunity to ſlip off to your appointment.

Kitchen. I'll do it.

Lett. He's juſt here. I muſt on with my maſk, and not open my lips, for fear of diſcovery.

[*Puts on her maſk.*

Enter Marcourt.

Marc. There they are, egad—juſt as the little girl told me—Your ſervant, ma'am. [*Lettice curtſies.* Your ſervant, Mr. Kitchen!

Kitchen. Your humble ſervant, Sir!

Marc. Give me leave, Sir, to pay my reſpects to that lady.

Kitchen. Excuſe me, Sir. This lady has nothing to ſay to you.

Marc. You are miſtaken, Sir. I came on purpoſe to meet her.

Kitchen. That cannot be, Sir—This is an acquaintance of mine—and not the lady you mean.

Marc.

Marc. But I am convinced it is, Sir.

Kitchen. Pho! prithee, man! A lady in a maſk is like a diſh under cover; you can never tell what it is.

Marc. Pardon me, Sir. This may be diſguiſed in the dreſſing; but I like the diſh, and muſt taſte of it. [*Taking hold of Lettice.*

Kitchen. Let the lady alone, Sir!

Marc. This way, madam!

Kitchen. Zounds, Mr. Marcourt!

[*Marcourt ſtruggles with Lettice—ſhe ſcreams.*

Enter Croſs and Mrs. Croſs.

Croſs. Hey-day! What is all this?

Kitchen. Only Mr. Marcourt, Sir, that will fall on without invitation. Here's a lady complains of his rudeneſs.

Croſs. Rudeneſs! in my houſe! for ſhame, Mr. Marcourt!—This is your man of quality, Mrs. Croſs.

Marc. Only a maſquerade frolick; nothing elſe, Sir.

Croſs. Well then—by the laws of all maſquerades, the maſk being taken off puts an end to impertinence—Pull off your maſk, and put him to the bluſh, madam.

Kitchen. By no means, Sir.

Croſs.

Croſs. Why not? She ſhall pull it off, and teach him how to behave himſelf.

Mrs. Croſs. No, no; the lady muſt not pull her maſk off.

Croſs. But I ſay, ſhe ſhall.

Mrs. Croſs. But I ſay, ſhe ſhall not.

Croſs. But ſhe ſhall, Mrs. Croſs.

Mrs. Croſs. But ſhe ſhall not, Mr. Croſs.

Marc. Ay, ſay, let the lady unmaſk, and I'll be ſatisfied.

Mrs. Croſs. What! are you mad, Mr. Marcourt?

Marc. My dear Mrs. Croſs, you are not in the ſecret! [*takes hold of Lettice.*

Lett. No violence, I beſeech you, Sir! the fight is not worth ſo much importunity. [*unmaſks.*

Marc. Confuſion!—Lettice?

Lett. At your ſervice, Sir! [*curtſies.*

Croſs. Lettice! in that habit? Where is my daughter?

Mrs. Croſs. I knew ſhe was not here—Don't be uneaſy, my dear! I underſtood Mr. Kitchen was deſirous of a rendezvous; ſo I put the change upon him, thinking Lettice a more proper companion for him than my daughter. Ha, ha, ha!

Croſs. Death and the devil! Am I deceived then? fooled by my wife too!

Kitchen.

Kitchen. Have patience, Sir. Many things happen between the cup and the lip. Sweet meat may have four ſauce, they ſay. A word with you. [*Talks apart with Croſs, while Mrs. Croſs converſes with Marcourt.*

Mrs. Croſs. But where is the girl all this while, Mr. Marcourt?

Marc. Devil fetch me, if I know, madam. I took Lettice for her.

Mrs. Croſs. What! were you deceived too? How could you poſſibly be ſo abſurd? Did not I agree to put Lettice into the Turkiſh habit, and to dreſs Charlotte in the pink domino?

[*Kitchen goes out here.*

Marc. Yes—but I was told I was impoſed upon—and now I begin to think I have made a fool of myſelf.

Mrs. Croſs. I dreſs'd Charlotte, and left her in my room waiting for you.—I never knew any thing ſo ridiculous! However, there can be no great harm done—it is plain ſhe is not with Mr. Kitchen, you ſee.

Croſs. [*Overhearing.*] Don't be too ſure of that, Mrs. Croſs! Mr. Marcourt and you are but weak politicians. You ſettle your own plan of operations, and never conſider the motions of the enemy.

Mrs.

Mrs. Croſs. What motions! Where's Mr. Kitchen? gone?

Croſs. Yes—gone. Gone to marry my daughter. Mr. Marcourt rather choſe to make up to Lettice, you ſee.

Mrs. Croſs. If ſhe marries Mr. Kitchen, I'll never ſee her face again.—To have your way in every thing! I cannot bear it!

Croſs. Rave on, my dear! We muſt give loſers leave to talk, you know. Let them laugh that win!

Mrs. Croſs. Provoking inſolence! I ſhall die with vexation.

Croſs. Ha, ha, ha! poor woman!

Enter Fleece.

Croſs. Mr. Fleece! how do you, Sir? I am glad to ſee you—heartily glad to ſee you, Mr. Fleece.

Mrs. Croſs. How do you do, Mr. Fleece?

Fleece. Very well, I thank you, ma'am. I wiſh you joy, ma'am—I wiſh you joy of Miſs Charlotte's marriage, Mr. Croſs.

Croſs. My daughter's marriage!—Look you there, ma'am.—Tol derol, lol derol, lol—She's married, you ſay?

Fleece. Yes, Sir; I left the couple at the church-door.

Croſs. Tol derol, lol derol, lol!

Mrs. Croſs. Charlotte married! to whom? to Mr. Kitchen, Mr. Fleece?

Croſs. Mr. Kitchen! ay, to be ſure—whom ſhould it be elſe, Mrs. Croſs?

Fleece. Mr. Kitchen! lackaday, no, ma'am—not Mr. Kitchen, Sir; I never heard of the gentleman.

Marc. Well ſaid, my little woolcomber!—nor any body elſe, I believe.

Mrs. Croſs. Not Mr. Kitchen. Mind that, Mr. Croſs!

Croſs. Not Mr. Kitchen? Why then, who the devil is ſhe married to?

Fleece. To Colonel Frankly, Sir.

Marc. Colonel Frankly! there's a ſly dog now!

Mrs. Croſs. Well—I don't care who it is, ſo as it is not Mr. Kitchen.

Marc. I am infinitely obliged to you, ma'am.

Croſs. 'Sdeath, Sir! but I'll ſet all Stratford in a blaze. Did not you receive a letter from us about this affair?

Fleece.

Fleece. I did, Sir, from Miſs Charlotte—and ſubſcribed with yours and Mrs. Croſs's approbation.—I obeyed your orders preciſely, took this houſe immediately, and had the banns aſked between the parties.

Croſs. Well! and the parties were my daughter and Mr. Kitchen.

Mrs. Croſs. No; my daughter and Mr. Marcourt.

Fleece. Neither; but your daughter and Colonel Frankly. Here are my credentials, Sir—the letter in your's, Mrs. Croſs's, and Miſs Charlotte's, hand-writing. [*Delivers the letter.*

Croſs. So, ſo! the little gipſy has deceived us both then.—She told me ſhe would put in Mr. Kitchen's name.

Mrs. Croſs. And me, that ſhe would deceive you, and inſert Mr. Marcourt's.

Marc. Inſtead of which, ſhe has put in Colonel Frankly's—A bubble, by Jupiter!—My wager with Kitchen is a drawn bet then.

Enter Kitchen.

Marc. Ha! my brother in adverſity, where do you come from?

Kitchen. From church.—I arrived juſt at the concluſion of the ceremony; but the latter end of

a feaſt is better than the beginning of a fray, they ſay. We ſhall have a Jubilee wedding of it. There is the bride and bridegroom, with all Stratford, at my heels.

Mrs. Croſs. They ſha'n't enter my doors. I won't ſee their faces.

Kitchen. You had better, madam; or this affair will make us all very ridiculous.

Mrs. Croſs. Don't tell me—to be treated in ſuch a ſhameful manner! I will have nothing to ſay to them—and if Mr. Croſs has a grain of ſpirit, he will turn the undutiful wretch out of doors, and cut her off with a ſhilling.

Croſs. But I ſhall do no ſuch thing, Mrs. Croſs. My conduct ſhall be juſt the reverſe, madam. I will receive them with open arms: For if any thing has been amiſs, it has been entirely your fault.

Mrs. Croſs. My fault! how can that be?

Croſs. Very eaſily. If you had been of my mind, and had not encouraged the girl to be diſobedient, ſhe would not have been undutiful.

Mrs. Croſs. Well—and if you had been of my mind, would not it have been juſt the ſame thing?

Croſs. I begin to think we have both been to blame.

Enter

Enter Charlotte and Colonel Frankly.

Frankly. Permit us, Sir, to throw ourſelves at your feet, and to hope for your's and Mrs. Croſs's forgiveneſs. My Charlotte thought it impoſſible to prevail on both to conſent to the ſame match, and that is her only excuſe for marrying without the approbation of either.

Croſs. Your apology is a ſevere reproof, Sir.

Mrs. Croſs. I don't care—ſo ſhe is not wife to Mr. Kitchen.

Kitchen. Faith, madam, it gives me no uneaſineſs. I have been roaſted a little, it is true—but not ſo much as my friend here.—He got into the wheel, and turned himſelf.

Marc. No matter—I ſcorn to be outdone in good humour—and as this marriage has begun in maſquerade, if the preſent good company will adjourn to the Jubilee-maſked-ball this evening, I will moſt chearfully attend them there.

Mrs. Croſs. Oh, as to the maſquerade, it is a genteel affair, and I like it of all things.

Croſs. Come then, Mrs. Croſs! It was impoſſible we both ſhould have been pleaſed; ſo let us not repine that Charlotte has ſatisfied neither. We may, however, derive from this incident one material piece of inſtruction—That no family can be well

well governed, where there is a diſagreement between thoſe who are placed at the head of it—and that nothing is ſo neceſſary as harmony among thoſe whoſe intereſts are ſo intimately connected as thoſe of Man and Wife.

END OF THE SECOND VOLUME.

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